

ENGLISH
MISCELLANIES

FROM
RENOWNED AUTHORS.



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N:o I.

A Glimpse of Pastoral Life, the Danger of Prosperity, and the Happiness of Solitude; with the History of a Hermit.

RASSELAS was still eager upon his inquiries after happiness; and, having heard of a hermit, that lived near the lowest cataract of the Nile, and filled the whole country with the fame of his sanctity, resolved to visit his retreat, and inquire whether that felicity, which public life could not afford, was to be found in solitude; and whether a man, whose age and virtue made him venerable, could teach any peculiar art of shunning evils, or enduring them.

Isaac and the Princess, his sister, agreed to accompany him, and, after the necessary preparations, they began their journey. Their way lay through fields, where shepherds tended their flocks, and the lambs were playing upon the pasture. This, said the poet, is the life which has been often celebrated for its innocence and quiet; let us pass the heat of the day among the shepherds tents, and know whether all our searches are not to terminate in pastoral simplicity.

The proposal pleased them; and they induced the shepherds, by small presents and familiar questions, to tell their opinion of their own state: They were so rude and ignorant, so little able to compare the good with the evil of the occupation, and so indistinct in their narratives and descriptions, that very little could be learned from them. But it was evident that their hearts were cankered with discontent; that they considered themselves as condemned to labour for the luxury of the rich; and looked up with stupid malevolence toward those that were placed above them.

The Princess pronounced with vehemence, that she would never suffer these envious savages to be her companions; and that she should not soon be desirous of seeing any more specimens of rustic happiness; but could not believe that all the accounts of primeval pleasures were fabulous, and was yet in doubt whether life had any thing that could be justly preferred to the placid gratifications of fields and woods. She hoped that the time would come, when, with a few virtuous and elegant companions, she should gather flowers planted by her own hand, fondle the lambs of her own ewe, and listen, without care, among brooks and breezes, to one of her maidens reading in the shade.

On the next day they continued their journey, till the heat compelled them to look round for



for shelter. At a final distance they saw a thick wood, which they no sooner entered, than they perceived that they were approaching the habitations of men. The shrubs were diligently cut away, to open walks where the shades were darkest; the boughs of opposite trees were artificially interwoven; seats of flowery turf were raised in vacant spaces; and a rivulet, that wanted along the side of a winding path, had its banks sometimes opened into small basons, and its stream sometimes obstructed by little mounds of stone heaped together to increase its murmurs.

They passed slowly through the wood, delighted with such unexpected accommodations; and entertained each other with conjecturing what, or who, he could be, that, in those rude and unfrequented regions, had leisure and art for such harmless luxury.

As they advanced, they heard the sound of music, and saw youths and virgins dancing in the grove; and, going still farther, beheld a stately palace, built upon a hill, surrounded with woods. The laws of Eastern hospitality allowed them to enter; and the master welcomed them, like a man liberal and wealthy.

He was skilful enough in appearances, soon to discern that they were no common guests, and spread his table with magnificence. The eloquence of Imlac caught his attention, and the

the lofty courtesy of the Princess excited his respect. When they offered to depart, he intreated their stay; and was, the next day, still more unwilling to dismiss them, than before. They were easily persuaded to stop, and civility grew up, in time, to freedom and confidence.

The Prince now saw all the domestics cheerful, and all the face of nature smiling round the place, and could not forbear to hope, that he should find here what he was seeking; but, when he was congratulating the master upon his possessions, he answered, with a sigh: 'My condition has indeed the appearance of happiness; but appearances are delusive. My prosperity puts my life in danger; the Bassa of Egypt is my enemy, incensed only by my wealth and popularity. I have been hitherto protected against him by the Princes of the country; but, as the favour of the great is uncertain, I know not how soon my defenders may be persuaded to share the plunder with the Bassa. I have sent my treasures into a distant country, and, upon the first alarm, am prepared to follow them; then will my enemies riot in my mansion, and enjoy the gardens which I have planted.'

They all joined in lamenting his danger, and deprecating his exile; and the Princess was so much disturbed with the tumult of grief and indi-



indignation, that she retired to her apartment. They continued with their kind inviter a few days longer, and then went forward to find the hermit. *gimno vira*

They came on the third day, by the direction of the peasants, to the hermit's cell; it was a cavern in the side of a mountain overshadowed with palm-trees, at such a distance from the cataract, that nothing more was heard than a gentle uniform murmur, such as composed the mind to pensive meditation, especially when it was assisted by the wind whistling among the branches. The first rude essay of nature had been so much improved by human labour, that the cave contained several apartments, appropriated to different uses, and often afforded lodging to travellers, whom darkness or tempests happened to overtake. *betragt*

The hermit sat on a bench at the door, to enjoy the coolness of the evening: On one side, lay a book, with pens and papers; on the other, mechanical instruments of various kinds. As they approached him unregarded, the Princess observed, that he had not the countenance of a man that had found, or could teach, the way to happiness. *flay*

They saluted him with great respect; which he repaid like a man not unaccustomed to the forms of Courts: 'My children, said he, if you have lost your way, you shall be willingly *german*

supplied with such conveniencies for the night, as this cavern will afford. I have all that nature requires, and you will not expect delicacies in a hermit's cell.

They thanked him, and, entering, were pleased with the neatness and regularity of the place. The hermit set flesh and wine before them, though he fed only upon fruits and water. His discourse was cheerful without levity, and pious without enthusiasm. He soon gained the esteem of his guests, and the Princess repented of her hasty censure.

At last Imlac began thus: 'I do not now wonder, that your reputation is so far extended; we have heard, at Cairo, of your wisdom, and came hither to implore your direction for this young man and maiden in the choice of life.'

'To him that lives well, answered the hermit, every form of life is good; nor can I give any other rule for choice, than to remove from all apparent evil.'

'He will remove most certainly from evil, said the Prince, who shall devote himself to that solitude which you have recommended by your example.'

'I have, indeed, lived fifteen years in solitude, said the hermit; but have no desire that my example should gain any imitators. In my youth I professed arms, and was raised by de-

grees

'For some time after my retreat, I rejoiced like a tempest-beaten sailor at his entrance into the harbour, being delighted with the sudden change of the noise and hurry of war to stillness and repose. When the pleasure of novelty went away, I employed my hours in examining the plants which grow in the valley, and the minerals which I collected from the rocks: But that inquiry is now grown tasteless and irksome. I have been, for some time, unsettled and distracted; my mind is disturbed with a thousand perplexities of doubt, and vanities of imagination, which hourly prevail upon me, because I have no opportunities of relaxation or diversion. I am sometimes ashamed to think, that I could not secure myself from vice, but by retiring from the practice of virtue, and begin to suspect, that I was rather impelled by



Hamnd
 resentment, than led by devotion, into solitude.
 My fancy riots in *seener* ~~feenes~~ of folly; and I lament
 that I have lost so much, and have gained so
 little. In solitude, if I escape *one of millions* the example of
 bad men, I want likewise the counsel and con-
 versation of the good. I have been long com-
 paring the evils with the advantages of society,
 and resolve to return into the world to mor-
 row. The life of a solitary man will be cer-
 tainly miserable, but not certainly *devout*. *Saligan*

grat They heard his resolution with surprise,
 but, after a short pause, offered to conduct him
 to Cairo. He dug up a considerable treasure,
 which he had hid among the rocks; and ac-
 companied them to the city, on which, as he
 approached it, he gazed with rapture. *hahryching*

N:o II.

The Kingdoms of FAME and CONTENT: An Allegory.

for and **A** Certain King, being confined to a sick bed,
 and surrounded by a faculty, whose *var immeditation* ran-
 dom store of experiments was now *of the* intirely ex-
 hausted, at last approached that solemn hour, *rest*
 which reduces all *alman* ranks of mortals to one com-
 mon level. Notwithstanding the words of his
 comforters, he perceived his dissolution not far
 off; he therefore called his two sons, who we-
 re *willings* twins, and spoke to them in the following
 manner: 'I in-



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'I inherited, from my ancestors, two kingdoms. One is called the kingdom of Content, and the other the kingdom of Fame. The first of these is that in which I have lived, and in which I now die. The last I never saw. These two kingdoms are separated by a very dangerous sea, and that of Fame is extremely difficult of access; for the coast not only abounds with hidden rocks and sands, but is continually infested by pirates. Now it is decreed that you shall both embark for this dominion, but in different ships. One must go on board the sloop of Good-fortune, and the other must embark in that of Ill-fortune. Which shall have the first, and which the latter, must be determined by lot. But, O my sons, there is a young Princess called Virtue, whom he that ascends throne, and expects to continue there with safety, must espouse, and be ever careful not by any means to offend her, but must treat her with the utmost tenderness and affection: For the throne of Fame, which stands upon the brink of a precipice, is upheld by a sister of the Princess, whom I mentioned, called Justice.'

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The two Princes drew lots, and promised faithfully to undertake the voyage in their respective ships. The good old King thus continued:

'Unambitious of conquest, pleased with my
, Unam-



uninterrupted tranquillity, and satisfied with the enjoyment of domestic happiness, have I worn my crown no less than forty years. I know not that I have been guilty of the least injustice. My people seem to have lived in peace and affluence, and my immediate dependents to have been uncommonly happy. And yet, at this awful hour, I am, upon recollection, conscious of having omitted many things by which I might considerably have augmented the felicity of my subjects; of having neglected many of the duties, which, as the father of my country, I ought to have performed. I am now convinced that a King ought by no means to consider his own ease and happiness as his principal object, since the wellbeing of so many thousands depends upon his conduct. And now, my sons, I bid you an eternal farewell; and O remember my last moments!

The King died, and his two sons embarked for the land of Fame. He who sailed in the sloop of Good-fortune, met with many difficulties, narrowly escaped many dangers, and was attacked by an incredible number of pirates; but his propitious stars removed every obstacle, and he arrived safe at the promised land. Emboldened by his success, which he vainly attributed to his own prowess, he mounted the throne, neglectful of the Princess, by whose means alone it was possible for him to continue in



in the possession of it. He now considered his new dominions as the fruit of his heroism, and his subjects as the slaves of conquest; till at length, Justice, enraged at his misbehaviour, and total neglect of her sister, withdrew her support, and down he fell, headlong, into the sea.

The other young Prince, who embarked on board the sloop of Ill-fortune, had no sooner put out to sea than he experienced every disaster that adverse winds, and angry waves, can bring to pass. The heavens darkened, the tempest arose, the billows foamed, his sails were torn, his masts split; till his poor helpless bark was at last dashed to pieces against a rock, and he was left alone upon the naked cliff. In this situation he prayed to the Almighty, and did not despair of relief. After enduring, for many hours, the extremes of cold and hunger, he was at last taken up by a pirate, and condemned to slavery. But the ship had not sailed many leagues, before she struck upon a sand, and the whole crew perished, except himself, who swam upon a plank towards the shore.

It happened to be the shore of the kingdom of Fame. Emaciated with his sufferings, he was too weak to reach the land; but was cast by the waves upon the beach, where he lay in a manner inanimate. Here again he must ine-

vita-



vitably have perished, had he not been percei-
 ved by the fair nymph of a neighbouring cot-
 tage, who kindly led him to her humble habi-
 tation, and administered every thing in her po-
 wer to restore him to health. The Prince no
 sooner came to himself than he was struck with
 the amazing beauty of his benevolent hostess.
 She requested his story; and he, glad to oblige
 her, related every circumstance of his life from
 first to last. She seemed to listen with rapture
 to the music of his voice; but, when he had
 done speaking, this was her reply, 'O ungra-
 teful man! Why must my compassion for thee
 be requited with falsehood? I know thou art an
 impostor; for it was decreed, from the foun-
 dation of this kingdom, that two Princes of the
 same house should never breathe upon this
 land at the same time. Now, I must tell thee,
 thou art here on the land of Fame, and that
 the brother thou mentionedst is at this instant
 upon the throne: Therefore thou art a decei-
 ver, and art thyself the cause of thy misfortu-
 nes.' He was stung to the heart, and was, for
 some time, unable to say any thing in his justi-
 fication. There is indeed nothing more pier-
 cing than a suspicion of this kind to an honest
 heart; especially from a person for whose fa-
 vourable opinion we happen to be particularly
 anxious. He assured her, in the most solemn
 manner, that he was really the person he pre-
 ten-

tended to be; but to no purpose. She endeavoured to put a stop to his protestations, by telling him, that every word he spoke was an addition to his crime, and, to prevent more guilt, insisted on his leaving the cottage immediately.

He obeyed with tears in his eyes, and a heart swoln with grief; for he had already conceived an inexpressible passion for his fair deliverer. He resolved however to pursue his way towards the capital. He had made but little progress before he was surprised with the uncommon rejoicings of the people. Asking the cause, he was informed of the fate which had befallen his brother; and, upon a more minute inquiry, learnt that the tyrant fell from his throne the very moment in which he himself was cast upon the shore. He instantly returned to the object of his soul, related to her what he had heard, and in the most passionate strain solicited her affection. 'Sir, said she, since I am convinced of your veracity, I am not ashamed to confess a very singular regard for you, and that nothing would add more to my felicity than the intire possession of your heart: But, alas! You have forgotten your father's advice, and the promise you made. There is a certain Princess with whom alone you can be happy, and by whose advice and assistance only it is possible for you to sit securely on



on the throne of Fame, This shocked the Prince like a blast of lightning. He remained silent for a while; but at last took leave of her a second time with a good deal of seeming resolution and composure. He now made the best of his way to the metropolis, and, after convincing the Nobles of his right to the crown, was seated upon the throne. His first business was to inquire for the Princess Virtue, whom he was resolved to marry; but he was informed, that, immediately upon the accession of the late King, she retired from Court, and had since never been heard of. It was however believed she had not left the kingdom, and therefore several of the Nobility were dispatched in search of her. Not many days passed, before a message was brought to the King that the Princess was arrived. She was accordingly introduced to his presence; but who can describe his surprise and rapture, when she appeared to be the very nymph whom he had so lately quitted with such inexpressible reluctance? Their marriage was immediately solemnised, and he, instructed by his misfortunes, and advised by his fair consort, continued to govern his kingdom many years, adored by his subjects, and extolled by all mankind.

Thus it frequently happens. What we call good fortune often proves our ruin: whilst others are conducted to happiness by temporary evils.



evils. Both good and ill fortune require great circumspection and steadiness of soul; for in either situation we are apt to lose the use of our reason: In our prosperity too much elated, or too much depressed in adversity.

N:o III.

The Unfortunate Hero. A true History.

THIS great foldier is a document, that the most eminent services, rendered to a Prince or nation, are not to be relied on, as sure preservatives from disgrace; nay, they are often disregarded, and have even sometimes been owned to be of more detriment, than benefit, to the person who had both courage and capacity sufficient to perform them. In the reign of the Emperor Justin, Belisarius, no less distinguished for his accomplishments, than for his high birth, was made one of the bodyguards to Justinian, the Emperor's nephew and heir. The conduct and courage, which Belisarius shewed in the wars, together with his humanity to the foldiers, induced Justin to confer on him the command of the troops he was sending against the Persians; in which expedition he made choice of Procopius, the famous historian, for his Secretary and Counsellor; conscious that his experience was unequal to the greatness of the expedition he was charged with.



Justinian had now succeeded his uncle as Emperor, and his reign was ushered in with a complete victory gained by Belisarius over the Persians. The city of Constantinople having rebelled against the Emperor, soon after the return of Belisarius, this great General flew thither, and soon put an end to the sedition, partly by mildness, and partly by resolution; and, without him, it is highly probable, Justinian had lost the whole Eastern Empire.

Chosroes, King of Persia, having, with a prodigious army, made an incursion into the Roman Empire, Belisarius marched against him, with a small number of troops, and forced him to retreat.

Soon after, he passed over into Africa, where he took several cities, and defeated several powerful armies, crowning all his exploits with taking the King of the Vandals prisoner, and seizing on his treasure.

Such a series of signal successes naturally drew upon Belisarius the envy of many Courtiers, especially as the Emperor was not wanting to reward his merit with the greatest honours. Various were the stratagems practised to bring about his ruin; but they only brought disgrace on their inventors; for so far was Justinian from listening to any suggestions against Belisarius, that he treated them as the offspring of

of malice. He sent him, at the head of a choice army, into Italy, where his actions shone with a lustre equal to those he had performed in Asia and Africa. He rescued Sicily from the ravages of the Goths, and obliged them to retire, though headed by the famous Theodate, after defeating them in a pitched battle, which gained him the honour of a triumph at Syracuse, where he was also made Consul. Afterwards he laid siege to Naples, and took it by storm; and even made himself master of Rome, though defended by all the forces of the Goths, after defeating them under the walls of that city. In this expedition, all his military qualities appeared in so conspicuous a manner, that it is celebrated in history, as one of the greatest of all the actions of this Hero.

The Goths, not discouraged by this defeat, appeared before Rome, with an army more numerous than the former; Belisarius in person maintained the siege, and was so successful in the great number of sallies and actions, which happened in the course of nineteen months, that he obliged them to raise the siege. His enemies, finding that all their schemes to lessen his favour with the Emperor proved abortive, had recourse to artifices for lessening his reputation, hoping this might be the forerunner of greater matters. In order to this, they prevailed upon the Emperor to send into

Italy the eunuch Narses, a great General, that he might share in the glory of a greater.

Narses, at his arrival in Italy, set up a distinct command, independent of Belisarius, who, upon being informed of it, and concerned at the temerity of a man whom he esteemed, sent him, together with a gentle admonition, the copy of his commission, in which the Emperor continually styled Narses only Superintendent of his finances.

Narses was immediately recalled; and Belisarius, being at more liberty to act, took the city of Ravenna, and made Vitiges, whom the Goths for his valour had chosen King, prisoner. But he was suddenly stopped in this noble career, and ordered to return to Constantinople. The Goths, concluding such ill usage must raise his resentment, offered to make him King of all Italy; which he nobly refused, though he plainly foresaw his disgrace.

When he arrived at Constantinople, though he brought prisoner with him Vitiges, whose military reputation was not unknown in that city, he was denied the honour of a triumph; but such was the indignation of the people and army, that some very distinguishing honours were conferred on him. As to his person and qualities, Belisarius was tall and well shaped, courage and generosity appeared in his countenance; he was affable, very liberal, patient, and

and ready to redress injuries, and adored by all ranks in the army. His generosity knew no bounds to merit. His profession rendered his temperance and chastity the more remarkable. His sagacity was equal to the greatest difficulties; and, what was a considerable advantage to his courage, in the hottest dangers, amidst the confusions of a battle, he was very composed and vigilant. Certain it is, perfection is not to be attained by mortals; but the weaknesses of this Hero were never discernible.

Totila, being elected in the room of the unfortunate Vitiges, in a short time gained considerable advantages over the Romans, and was carrying all before him. Belisarius, whose very name was a terror to the Goths, was dispatched into Italy; but, his enemies at Court retarding the necessary succours, he frankly wrote to the Emperor, that nothing could be done without means, and desired leave to resign his command. At his return, he was received by Justinian with marks of esteem; who made him Colonel of his Guards, and afterwards Constable of the Empire. At last, he sent him again into Italy to oppose the irruption of the Huns, whom he defeated and dispersed.

If this last action raised Belisarius to the highest pitch of honour and reputation, it also filled his enemies with redoubled fury; and now the wise, the grateful Justinian was im-



fed upon. He was brought to believe, that his worthy General aimed at making himself master of the Empire; in consequence of which error he ordered his eyes to be put out, and his person confined in a tower; where this unfortunate Hero, who had distributed comfort and affluence to such vast numbers, was obliged, for his subsistence, to hang a bag at the end of a line, calling out, from time to time, 'Give alms to poor Belisarius, whose eyes were put out by the calumnies of envy, and not on account of any criminal action.' Nay, the life of him, who had been so liberal to others, is said to have been shortened by mere want in this prison, where he died with the compul-
 re of a Christian.

Example An instance of this kind should be a support to the spirits of those who labour under the weight of any unjust oppressions; and should teach those in prosperity, that the most amiable qualities, joined with actions of the greatest importance and renown, are not always proof against the shafts of envy, nor able to defend them from poverty and wretchedness.

N:o IV.

Modesty and Assurance. A Fable. From the World, N:o 2.

Modesty, the daughter of Knowledge, and Assurance, the offspring of Ignorance, met

met accidentally upon the road; and, as both
 had a long way to go, and had experienced,
 from former hardships, that they were alike
 unqualified to pursue their journey alone, they
 agreed, notwithstanding the opposition in their
 natures, to lay aside all animosities, and, for
 their mutual advantage, to travel together. It
 was in a country where there were no inns for
 entertainment; so that to their own address, and
 to the hospitality of the inhabitants, they were
 continually to be obliged for provision and
 lodging. Assurance had never failed getting admit-
 tance to the houses of the great; but it had fre-
 quently been her misfortune to be turned out of
 doors, at a time when she was promising her-
 self an elegant entertainment, or a bed of down
 to rest upon. Modesty had been excluded from
 all such houses, and compelled to take shelter
 in the cottages of the poor; where though she
 had leave to continue as long as she pleased, a
 truss of straw had been her usual bed, and roots,
 or the coarsest provision, her constant repast.
 But, as both, by this accidental meeting, were
 become friends and fellow-travellers, they en-
 tertained hopes of assisting each other, and of
 shortening the way by dividing the cares of it.
 Assurance, who was dressed lightly in a
 summer silk and short petticoat, and who had
 something commanding in her voice and pre-
 sen-



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gärden
hemma
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i en
ett varande*
 sence, found the same easy access as before to
 the castles and palaces upon the way; while
 Modesty, who followed her in a russet gown,
 speaking low, and casting her eyes upon the
 ground, was, as usual, pushed back by the por-
 ter at the gate, till introduced by her compa-
 nion, whose fashionable appearance and fami-
 liar address got admission for both.

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skunt
mynd
Sörta
upptäckt
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Saled
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ning
var
frägnade*
 And now, by the endeavours of each to
 support the other, their difficulties vanished,
 and they saw themselves the favourites of all
 companies, and the parties of their pleasures,
 festivals, and amusements. The sallies of Assu-
 rance were continually checked by the delicacy
 of Modesty; and the blushes of Modesty were
 frequently relieved by the vivacity of Assu-
 rance; who, though she was sometimes detected
 at her old pranks, which always put her com-
 panion out of countenance, was yet so awed
 by her presence, as to stop short of offence.

*Saled
enotlag
ning
var
frägnade*
 Thus, in the company of Modesty, Assu-
 rance gained that reception and esteem, which
 she had vainly hoped for in her absence; while
 Modesty, by means of her new acquaintance,
 kept the best company, feasted upon delicacies,
 and slept in the chambers of state. Assurance,
 indeed, had in one particular the ascendancy
 over her companion; for, if any one asked Mo-
 desty, Whose daughter she was? she blushed
 and made no answer; while Assurance took the

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advantage of her silence, and imposed herself upon the world as the offspring of Knowledge.

In this manner did the travellers pursue their journey, Assurance taking the lead through the great towns and cities, and apologizing for the rusticity of her companion; while Modesty went foremost through the villages and hamlets, and excused the odd behaviour of Assurance, by presenting her as a courtier.

It happened one day, after having measured a tedious length of road, that they came to a narrow river, which by a hasty swell had washed away the bridge that was built over it. As they stood upon the bank, casting their eyes upon the opposite shore, they saw at a little distance a magnificent castle, and a crowd of people inviting them to come over. Assurance, who stopped at nothing, throwing aside the covering from her limbs, plunged almost naked into the stream, and swam safely to the other side. Modesty, offended at the indecency of her companion, and diffident of her own strength, would have declined the danger; but, being urged by Assurance, and derided for her cowardice by the people on the other side, she unfortunately ventured beyond her depth, and, oppressed by her fears, as well as intangled by her cloaths, which were bound tightly about her, immediately disappeared, and was driven by the current none knows whither. It is said,



indeed, that she was afterwards taken up alive by a fisherman upon the English coast, and that shortly she will be brought to this metropolis, and shew^{visad} to the curious of both sexes^{bonen} with the surprising Oronuto savage, and the wonderful panther-mare.

Assurance, not in the least daunted, pursu^{nedslagen}ed her journey alone; and tho' not altogether as successfully as with her companion, yet having learned in particular companies, and upon particular occasions, to assume the air and manner of Modesty, she was received kindly at every house; and, at last arriving at the end of her travels she became a very great Lady, and rose^{upph} to be first maid of honour to the Queen of the country.

N:o V.

The Vanity of hoping to enjoy unmixed Happiness in this temporary Existence of human Life, exemplified in the Disappointments of Seged of Ethiopia.

Plant of celestial Seed! if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal Soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious Shine,
Or deep with Di'monds in the flaming Mine?
Twin'd with the Wreaths Parnassian Laurels yield,
Or reap'd in Iron Harvests of the Field?
Where grows?--Where grows it not? If vain our Toil,
We ought to blame the Culture, not the Soil:
Fix'd to no Spot is Happiness sincere,
Tis no-where to be found, or ev'ry-where.

POPE.
SEGED,



SEGED, Lord of Ethiopia, to the inhabitants
of the world; to the sons of presumption,
humility, and fear; and to the daughters of
sorrow, content, and acquiescence.

Thus, in the twenty-seventh year of his
reign, spoke Seged, the Monarch of forty na-
tions, the distributor of the waters of the Nile:

At length, Seged, thy toils are at an end; thou
hast reconciled disaffection, thou hast suppres-
sed rebellion, thou hast pacified the jealousies
of thy Courtiers, thou hast chased war from
thy confines, and erected fortresses in the land
of thy enemies. All who have offended thee

tremble at thy presence; and, wherever thy voi-
ce is heard, it is obeyed. Thy throne is surroun-
ded by armies numerous as the locusts of the
summer, and resistless as the blasts of pestilence.

Thy magazines are stored with ammunition,
thy treasures overflow with the tribute of con-
quered kingdoms. Plenty waves upon thy fields,
and opulence glitters in thy cities. Thy nod is
as the earthquake that shakes the mountains,
and thy smile as the dawn of the vernal day. In

thy hand is the strength of thousands, and thy
health is the health of millions. Thy palace is
gladdened by the song of praise, and thy path
perfumed by the breath of benediction. Thy

subjects gaze upon thy greatness, and think of
danger or misery no more. Why, Seged, wilt
not thou partake the blessings thou bestowest?

Why



Why shouldst thou only forbear to rejoice in this general felicity? Why should thy heart be heavy with fear, or thy face clouded with anxiety, when the meanest of those, who call thee Sovereign, gives the day to festivity, and the night to peace? At length, Seged, reflect and be wise. What is the gift of conquest, but fatety? Why are riches collected, but to purchase happiness?

Seged then ordered his house of pleasure, built in an island of the lake Dambia, to be prepared for his reception. 'I will retire, says he, for ten days from tumult and care, from councils and decrees. Long quiet is not the lot of the Governors of nations; but a cessation of ten days cannot be denied me. This short interval of happiness may, surely, be secured from the interruption of fear or perplexity, sorrow or disappointment. I will exclude all trouble from my abode, and remove from my thoughts whatever may confuse the harmony of the concert, or abate the sweetness of the banquet. I will fill the capacity of my soul with enjoyment, and try what it is to live without a wish unsatisfied.'

In a few days, the orders were performed, and Seged hastened to the palace of Dambia, which stood in an island cultivated only for pleasure, planted with every flower that spreads its colours to the sun, and every shrub that spreads fra-

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fragrance in the air. In one part of this extensive garden, were open walks for excursion in the morning; in another, thick groves, and silent arbours, and bubbling fountains for repose at noon. All that could solace the sense, or flatter the fancy; all that industry could extort from nature, or ~~wealth~~ furnish to art; all that conquest could seize, or beneficence attract, was collected together; and every perception of delight was excited and gratified.

Into this delicious region Seged summoned all the persons of his court, who seemed eminently qualified to receive or communicate pleasure. His call was readily obeyed; the young, the fair, the vivacious, and the witty, were all in haste to be fated with felicity. Thy failed jocund over the lake, which seemed to smooth its surface before them; their passage was cheered with music, and their hearts dilated with expectation.

Seged, landing here with his band of pleasure, determined, from that hour, to break off all acquaintance with discontent; to give his heart for ten days to ease and jollity; and then fall back to the common state of men, and suffer his life to be diversified, as before, with joy and sorrow.

He immediately entered his chamber, to consider where he should begin his circle of happiness. He had all the artists of delight be-

fore

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fore him; but knew not whom to call, since he could not enjoy one, but by delaying the performance of another. He chose and rejected, he resolved and changed his resolution, till his faculties were harrassed, and his thoughts confused; then returned to the apartment, where his presence was expected, with languid eyes and clouded countenance, and spread the infection of uneasiness over the whole assembly. He observed their depression, and was offended; for he found his vexation increased by those whom he expected to dissipate and relieve it. He retired again to his private chamber, and sought for consolation in his own mind; one thought flowed in upon another; a long succession of images seized his attention; the moments crept imperceptibly away through the gloom of pensiveness, till, having recovered his tranquillity, he lifted up his head, and saw the lake brightened by the setting sun. 'Such, said Seged, sighing, is the longest day of human existence; before we have learned to use it, we find it at an end.'

The regret, which he felt for the loss of so great a part of his first day, took from him all inclination to enjoy the evening; and, after having endeavoured, for the sake of his attendants, to force an air of gaiety, and excite that mirth which he could not share, he resolved to refer his hopes to the next morning, and lay



lay down upon his bed to partake, with the slaves of labour and poverty, the blessing of sleep.

He rose early the second morning, and resolved now to be happy; he, therefore, fixed upon the gate of the palace an edict, importing, that whoever, during nine days, should appear in the presence of the King with a dejected countenance, or utter any expression of discontent or sorrow, should be driven for ever from the palace of Dambia.

This edict was immediately made known in every chamber of the court, and bower of the gardens. Mirth was frightened away, and they, who were before dancing in the lawns, or singing in the shades, were at once engaged in the care of regulating their looks, that Seged might find his will punctually obeyed, and see none among them liable to banishment.

Seged now met every face settled in a smile that betrayed solicitude, timidity, and constraint. He accosted his favourites with familiarity and softness; but they durst not speak without premeditation, lest they should be convicted of discontent or sorrow. He proposed diversions; to which no objection was made, because objection would have implied uneasiness; but they were regarded with indifference by the Courtiers, who had no other desire, than to signalise themselves by clamorous exultation. He offered various topics of conversation,

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tion, but obtained only forced jests and laborious laughter; and, after many attempts to animate them to confidence and alacrity, was obliged to confess to himself the impotence of command, and resign another day to grief and disappointment.

He at last relieved his companions from their terrors, and shut himself up in his chamber, to ascertain, by some different measures, the felicity of the succeeding days. At length, he threw himself on the bed, and closed his eyes, but imagined, in his sleep, that his palace and gardens were overwhelmed by an inundation; and waked with all the terrors of a man struggling with water. He composed himself again to rest, but was disturbed by an imaginary irruption into his kingdom; and striving, as is usual in dreams, without ability to move, fancied himself betrayed to his enemies, and again started up with horror and indignation.

It was now day, and fear was so strongly impressed on his mind, that he could sleep no more. He rose; but his thoughts were filled with the deluge and invasion, nor was he able to disengage his attention, or mingle with vacancy or ease in any amusement. At length, his perturbation gave way to reason, and he resolved no longer to be harrassed by a dream; but, before this resolution could be completely formed, half the day had elapsed; he felt a new

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conviction of the uncertainty of all human schemes, and could not forbear to bewail the frailty and weakness of that being, whose quiet could be interrupted by vapours of the fancy. Having first been disturbed by a dream, he was afterwards grieved, that a dream should disturb him. He at last discovered, that his terrors and grief were equally vain; and that to lose the present, in lamenting the past, was voluntarily to protract a melancholy vision. The third day was now declining, and Seged again resolved to be happy on the morrow.

On the fourth morning Seged rose early, refreshed with sleep, vigorous with health, and eager with expectation. He entered the garden attended by the Princes and Ladies of his court, and, seeing nothing about him but airy cheerfulness, began to say to his heart, 'This day shall be a day of pleasure.' The sun played upon the water, the birds warbled in the groves, and the gales quivered along the branches. He roved from walk to walk as chance directed him, and sometimes listen'd to the songs, sometimes mingled with the dancers, sometimes let loose his imagination in flights of merriment; and sometimes uttered grave reflections, and sententious maxims, and feasted on the admiration with which they were received.

Thus the day rolled on, without any accident of vexation, or intrusion of melancholy thoughts.



thoughts. All that beheld him caught gladness from his looks; and the sight of happiness conferred by himself filled his heart with satisfaction: But, having passed three hours in this harmless luxury, he was alarmed on a sudden by an universal scream among the women; and, turning back, saw the whole assembly flying in confusion. A young crocodile had risen out of the lake, and was ranging the gardens in wantonness or hunger. Seged beheld him with indignation, as a disturber of his felicity, and chased him back into the lake; but could not persuade his retinue to stay, or free their hearts from the terror which had seized upon them. The Princesses had inclosed themselves in the palace, and could yet scarcely believe themselves in safety. Every attention was fixed upon the late danger and escape, and no mind was any longer at leisure for gay sallies or careless prattle.

Seged had now no other employment, than to contemplate the innumerable casualties, which lie in ambush on every side to intercept the happiness of man, and break in upon the hour of delight and tranquillity. He had, however, the consolation of thinking, that he had not now been disappointed by his own fault, and that the accident, which had blasted the hopes of the day, might easily be prevented by future caution.

That



That he might provide for the pleasure of the next morning, he resolved to repeal the penal edict, since he had already found, that discontent and melancholy were not to be frigh-ted away by the threats of authority, and that pleasure would only reside where she was exempted from controul. He therefore invited all the companions of his retreat to unbounded pleasantry, by proposing prizes for those who should, on the following day, distinguish themselves by any festive performances; the tables of the antichamber were covered with gold and pearls, and robes and garlands, decreed the rewards of those who could refine elegance, or heighten pleasure.

At this display of riches every eye immediately sparkled, and every tongue was busied in celebrating the bounty and magnificence of the Emperor. But, when Seged entered, in hopes of uncommon entertainment from universal emulation, he found, that any passion too strongly agitated puts an end to that tranquillity which is necessary to mirth; and that the mind, that is to be moved by the gentle ventilations of gaiety, must be first smoothed by a total calm. Whatever we ardently wish to gain, we must, in the same degree, be afraid to lose; and fear and pleasure cannot dwell together.

All was now care and solicitude. Nothing was

was done or spoken, but with so visible an endeavour at perfection, as always failed to delight, though it sometimes forced admiration; and Seged could not but observe with sorrow, that his prizes had more influence than himself. As the evening approached, the contest grew more earnest; and those, who were forced to allow themselves excelled, began to discover the malignity of defeat, first by angry glances, and at last by contemptuous murmurs. Seged likewise shared the anxiety of the day; for, considering himself as obliged to distribute, with exact justice, the prizes which had been so zealously sought, he durst never remit his attention, but passed his time in balancing different kinds of merit, and adjusting the claims of all the competitors.

At last, knowing that no exactness could satisfy those whose hopes he should disappoint, and thinking that, on a day set apart for happiness, it would be cruel to oppress any heart with sorrow, he declared, that all had pleased him alike, and dismissed all with presents of equal value.

Seged saw that his caution had not been able to avoid offence. They, who had believed themselves secure of the highest prizes, were not pleased to be levelled with the croud; and though, by the liberality of the King, they received more than his promise had intitled them

to

to expect, they departed unsatisfied, because they were honoured with no distinction, and wanted an opportunity to triumph in the mortification of their opponents. 'Behold here,' said Seged, the condition of him who places his happiness in the happiness of others!' He then retired to meditate; and, while the Courtiers were repining at his distributions, saw the fifth sun go down in discontent.

The next dawn renewed his resolution to be happy. But, having learned how little he could effect by settled schemes, or preparatory measures, he thought it best to give up one day intirely to chance, and left every one to please and be pleased in his own way.

This relaxation of regularity diffused a general complacency through the whole court, and the Emperor imagined, that he had at last found the secret of obtaining an interval of felicity. But, as he was roving in this careless assembly with equal carelessness, he overheard one of his Courtiers, in a close arbour, murmuring to himself: 'What merit has Seged above us, that we should thus fear and obey him? A man whom, whatever he may have formerly performed, his luxury now shews to have the same weakness with ourselves.' This charge affected him the more, as it was uttered by one whom he had always observed among the most abject of his flatterers. At first, his



indignation prompted him to severity; but, reflecting that what was spoken without intention to be heard, was to be considered as only thought, and was, perhaps, but the sudden burst of casual and temporary vexation, he invented some decent pretence to send him away, that his retreat might not be tainted with the breath of envy; and, after the struggle of deliberation was past, and all desire of revenge utterly suppressed, passed the evening not only with tranquillity, but triumph, though none but himself was conscious of the victory.

The remembrance of this clemency cheered the beginning of the seventh day; and nothing happened to disturb the pleasure of Seged, till, looking on the tree that shaded him, he recollected, that, under a tree of the same kind, he had passed the night after his defeat in the kingdom of Guiana. The reflection on his loss, his dishonour, and the miseries which his subjects suffered from the invader, filled him with sadness. At last he shook off the weight of sorrow, and began to solace himself with his usual pleasures, when his tranquillity was again disturbed by jealousies which the late contest for the prizes had produced, and which, having in vain tried to pacify them by persuasion, he was forced to silence by command.

On the eighth morning, Seged was awakened early by an unusual hurry in the apartments, and,



and, inquiring the cause, was told, that the Princess Balkis was seized with sickness. He rose, and, calling the physicians, found they had little hopes of her recovery. Here was an end of jollity; all his thoughts were now upon his daughter, whose eyes he closed on the tenth day.

Such were the days which Seged of Ethiopia had appropriated to a short respiration from the fatigues of war and the cares of government. This narrative he has bequeathed to future generations, that no man hereafter may presume to say. 'This day shall be a day of happiness.'

N:o VI.

On Conscience, relatively to the wise Conduct of Providence in punishing Guilt.

CONSCIENCE is the law of the all-wise Author of nature, written on our hearts, or properly the application of this law, as it regards the judgments we should form of particular actions. It is like a Censor noting and observing our actions, and therefore it has not undeservedly been called by some a portion of the virgin soul, as not admitting the least blemish of prevarication. Hence good actions beget security in the conscience, but bad cause anguish and vexation, which is better known by experience than explained by words: For, if it be



painful to us to abide by the judgments of those
we live with, and to put up with their repre-
hensions, it will be more so to be condemned
by our own reason, and to carry about us so
severe a Judge of our actions: And thus it is
that conscience performs the function both of a
witness and judge, when it reprimands us for
having done amiss, as Juvenal says:

But why must those be thought to scape, who feel
Those rods of scorpions, and those whips of steel,
Which conscience shakes, when she with rage con-

And spreads amazing terrors thro' their souls?

Not sharp revenge, nor hell itself, can find
A fiercer torment than a guilty mind;

Which day and night does dreadfully accuse,
Condemns the wretch, and still the charge renews.

Many instances might be given of the won-
derful force of those inward compunctions and
horrors, that sometimes possess a guilty mind,
and are awakened there by the most unexpected
circumstances. When these at once let loose
upon the unhappy patient, the beloved associa-
tions of interest, power, or pleasure, burst a-
sunder like bubbles of air; the whole scene of
his past life rises full to his view, and appears
big with extravagance and frenzy; the base or
wicked part he has acted stares him in the face,
nor can he find any relief from those stings of
remorse that pierce his inmost frame, till he
has

has disclosed his guilt, expelled the exorbitant passion, and becomes sensible to more worthy sentiments and affections.

Our acquaintance with history and the world will suggest to us many examples of this kind, in which it must be confessed that the hand of the Sovereign Physician of nature is very conspicuous. We shall beg leave to mention one, because it is a true story, and happened in a neighbouring state not many years ago:

A jeweller, a man of a good character and of considerable wealth, having occasion, in the way of his business, to travel at some distance from the place of his abode, took along with him a servant, in order to take care of his portmanteau. He had along with him some of his best jewels, and a large sum of money, to which his servant was likewise privy. The master having occasion to dismount on the road, the servant watched his opportunity, took a pistol from his master's saddle, and shot him dead on the spot; then rifling him of his jewels and money, and hanging a large stone to his neck, he threw him into the nearest canal. With this booty he made off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master were known: There he began to trade in a very low way at first, that his obscurity might screen him from observation; and, in the course of a good many



ny years, seemed to rise, by the natural pro-
 gress of business, into wealth and considera-
 tion; so that his good fortune appeared at once
 the effect and reward of his industry and vir-
 tue. Of these he counterfeited the appearances
 so well that he grew into great credit, married
 into a good family; and by laying out his hid-
den stores discreetly, as he saw occasion, and
 joining to all an universal affability, he was ad-
 mitted to a share of the government of the
 town, and rose from one post to another, till
 at length he was chosen chief Magistrate. In
 this office he maintained a fair character, and
 continued to fill it with no small applause, both
 as a Governor and a Judge; till one day, as he
 sat on the bench with some of his brethren, a
 criminal was brought before them, who was
 accused of having murdered his master. The
 evidence came out full, the Jury brought in
 their verdict that the prisoner was guilty, and
 the whole assembly waited the sentence of the
 President of the Court (which he happened to
 be that day) with great suspence. Mean while
 he appeared to be in an unusual disorder and
 agitation of mind; his colour changed often:
 At length he arose from his seat, and, coming
 down from the bench, placed himself just by
 the unfortunate man at the bar; to the no small
astonishment of all present. "You see before
 you," said he, addressing himself to those who had
 sat



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sat on the bench with him, "a striking instance *bevis*
of the just awards of Heaven, which this day, *him lane*
after thirty years concealment, presents to you *tyst net*
a greater criminal than the man just now found
guilty." Then he made an ample confession *fullstendig*
of his guilt, and of all its aggravations, parti- *trykande*
cularly the ingratitude of it to a master who
had raised him from the very dust, and repo- *att lat*
sed a peculiar confidence in him; and told them *berättade*
in what manner he had hitherto screened him- *skyddet*
self from public justice, and how he had esca- *fagra*
ped the observation of mankind by the specious *illade*
mask he had wore. "But now," added he,
"no sooner did this unhappy prisoner appear
before us, charged with the same crime I was
conscious of myself, than the cruel circumstan-
ces of my guilt beset me in all their horror, the
arrows of the Almighty stuck fast within me, *krängande*
and my own crime appeared so atrocious, that *latto*
I could not consent to pass sentence against my
fellow-criminal till I had first impannelled and *dom*
accused myself; nor can I now feel any relief *beqväm*
from the agonies of an awakened conscience, *kväta*
but by requiring that justice may be forthwith *utfort*
done against me, in the most public and solemn *hög tillig*
manner, for so aggravated a parricide. There- *husbond*
fore, in the presence of the all-seeing God, the *inordant*
great witness and judge of my crime, and be-
fore this whole assembly, who have been the
witnesses of my hypocrisy, I plead guilty, and

requi-



require sentence may be passed against me as a most notorious malefactor. We may easily suppose the amazement of all the assembly, and especially of his fellow-judges. However they proceeded, upon his confession, to pass sentence upon him; and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind. An exemplary instance of the fatal effects of an exorbitant passion; and of the tremendous justice of Providence, in detecting one of the most cool and artful villains, after such a long concealment!

N:o VII.

On the astonishing effects of Music.

The following instance of the amazing change wrought upon the passions, by the power of Music, is supported by the authority of Prince Cantimir, who relates it in his account of the transaction of the Ottomans.

Sultan Amurath, that cruel Prince, having laid siege to Bagdad, and taken it, gave orders for putting 30,000 Persians to death, notwithstanding they had submitted and laid down their arms. Among the number of these unfortunate victims, was a Musician. He besought the Officer who had the command to see the Sultan's orders executed, to spare him but for a moment, while he might be permitted to speak to the Emperor. The Officer indulged him in

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his intreaty, and being brought before the Sultan, he was permitted to exhibit a specimen of his art. Like the Musician in Homer, he took up a kind of psaltry, which resembles a lyre, and has six strings on each side: and accompanied it with his voice. He sung the taking of Bagdad and the triumph of Amurath. The pathetic tones and exulting sounds, which he drew from the Instrument, joined to the alternate plaintiveness and boldness of his strains, rendered the Prince unable to restrain the softer emotions of his soul. He even suffered him to proceed, until, overpowered with harmony, he melted into tears of pity and relented of his cruel intention. In consideration of the Musician's abilities, he not only directed his people to spare those among the prisoners who yet remained alive, but also to give them instant liberty.

N:o VIII.

A Letter from M. Denis to MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq.

SIR,

When you seemed to approve of the translation of the seventh satire of the second book of Horace, which was translated by one of my friends, that approbation was more pleasing to me, because it confirmed me in my own opinion of it, and obliged me to acquiesce, in the



the judgments which some of my friends have given of it, whom I have always chiefly consulted in my doubts about poetical matters. And now, Sir, I come, according to my promise, to consult you about the preference which several partisans of the Roman satirists have given to their respective favourite authors, and to know from you, which of them are in the right, or rather, whether they are not all in the wrong. You know very well, Sir, that Rigaltius, Scaliger the Elder, Lipsius, and Holiday prefer Juvenal to Horace and Persius; that Dacier, Heinsius, Mons. de la Bruyere, and several others, prefer Horace and Juvenal, and Mr. Dryden prefers Horace for instruction, and Juvenal for delight, because he is most delighted with him, and so makes his own taste the argument for preferring him. But, tho' we should grant, Sir, that the generality of readers are more delighted with Juvenal, than they are with Horace, because Dryden is more delighted with him, yet is it not very much to be questioned, whether the author who gives the most general delight is the most delightful author? Now, Sir, your old friend Mons. Despreaux, though it is evident that he was more pleased with Horace than he was with Juvenal, because he has imitated him more, yet he had more judgment than expressly to prefer the one to the other, because, he knew very well, that the-



there can be no true preference, where there can be no just comparifon, and that there can be no just comparifon betwixt authors, whose works are not ejusdem generis. For do not you believe, Sir, that Monf. Dryden is in the wrong, where he affirms, that the Roman fatire had its accomplifhment in Juvenal? For is there not reason to believe, that the true Roman fatire is of the comic kind, and was an imitation of the old Athenian comedies, in which Lucilius firft fignalized himfelf, and which was afterwards perfected by Horace, and that Juvenal afterwards flarted a new fatire, which was of the tragic kind? Horace who wrote as Lucilius had done before him, in imitation of the old comedy, endeavours to correct the follies, and errors, and epidemic vices of his readers, which is the bufinefs of comedy. Juvenal attacks the pernicious outrageous paffions, and the abominable monftrous crimes of feveral of his coteemporaries, or of thofe who lived in the age before him, which is the bufinefs of tragedy. Horace argues, infinuates, engages, rallies, fmiles; Juvenal exclaims, apofrophizes, exaggerates, lafhes, flabs. There is, in Horace, almoft every-where an agreeable mixture of good fenfe and true pleafantry, fo that he has every-where the principal qualities of an excellent comic poet. And there is almoft every-where, in Juvenal, anger, indignation, rage,



rage, disdain, and the violent emotions and vehement style of tragedy. Can there then be a just comparison made between these two satirists, any more than there can be between a tragic and a comic poet? If Mr. Dryden were now living, would he compare Nat. Lee with Etherege, the former of which never touched upon comedy, and the other never attempted tragedy? Would he prefer Nat. Lee to Etherege, as he does Juvenal to Horace, because, the thoughts of Lee are more elevated than those of Etherege, his expressions more noble and more sonorous, his verse more numerous, and his words more sublime and lofty? Would he not have believed, that, if Etherege had writ *Sir Fopling* in the same style that Nat. Lee wrote *Alexander*, he would have been as merry a person as *Penkethman*, when he acted *Alexander*? Would he not in all probability have judged, that Lee is more delightful to those who are more pleased with tragedy than they are with comedy; and that Etherege is more delightful to those who are better entertained with comedy than they are with tragedy? Now, Sir, ought we not to make the same judgment of Horace and Juvenal, and to affirm Horace to be more delightful to those who are more pleased with comedy than they are with tragedy; and that Juvenal is more delightful to those who are better entertained with tragedy than they



they are with comedy? And, that perhaps, for that very reason, he was more pleasing than Horace to Mr. Dryden? Will not the tragic satire, which, like tragedy, fetches its notions from philosophy and common sense, be, in all probability, more acceptable to Universities and cloisters, and all these recluse and contemplative men, who pass most of their time in their closets, all which persons are supposed to have philosophy from study, and common sense from nature? And will not the comic satirist, who owes no small part of his excellence to his experience, that is, to the knowledge of the conversation and manners of the men of the world, be, in all likelihood, more agreeable to the discerning part of a court and a great capital, where they are capable to taste and discern his beauties by the same experience, which enabled their authors to produce them? And, above all thing, must it not be agreeable to a polite court, where that dexterous insinuation and fine good sense, and that true pleasantry, which are united in the Horatian satire, are the only shining qualities which make the courtier valuable and agreeable? And will he not take more delight in the Horatian satire, than in the tragic eloquence of Juvenal, not only because he is qualified by nature and experience to relish the beauties of it, but because the pleasure he receives from it is always his main design, and im-

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proves and cultivates those talents which are chiefly to recommend him to those who are to advance him? It will be needless, Sir, to detain you any longer by enquiring into preference which Casaubon has so injudiciously given to Persius, above Horace and Juvenal, or into the preference which he particularly gives to the 5th satire of Persius, before this of Horace, the translation of which has occasioned the trouble which I now give you, and which you know, Sir, is writ upon the same subject. Your friend Mons. Dacier tells us, that Casaubon by this opinion prefers the University to the court; I appeal to you, Sir, if the satire of Horace does not speak for itself, and justify the assertion of Mons. Dacier.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

J. Dennis.

N:o IX.

M. GRAY TO M. WEST.

After eight days journey through Greenland, we arrived at Turin. You approach it by a handsome avenue of nine miles long, and quite strait. The entrance is guarded by certain vigilant dragons, called Douaniers, who mumbled us for some time. The city is not large, as being a place of strength, and consequently confined within its fortifications. It has many beau-



beauties and some faults: among the first are streets all laid out by the line, regular uniform buildings, fine walks that surround the whole, and in general a good lively clean appearance; but the houses are of brick plaistered, which is apt to want repairing: the windows of oiled paper, which is apt to tumble down. There is an excellent Opera, but it is only in the Carnival. Balls every night, but only in the Carnival: Masquerades too, but only in the Carnival. This Carnival lasts only from Christ-mass to Lent; one half of the remaining part of the year is passed in remembering the last, the other in expecting the future Carnival. We cannot well subsist upon such slender diet, no more than upon an execrable Italian Comedy and a Puppet-show, called *Rappresentazione dun' anima dannata*, which, I think, are all the present diversions of the place; except the *Marquise de Cavaillac's Conversazione*, where one goes to see people play at Ombre and Taroc, a game with 72 cards all painted with suns, and moons and devils and monks. Mr. Walpole has been at court; the family are at a country palace, called *la Venerie*. The palace here in town is the very quintessence of gilding and looking-glass, inlaid floors, carved pannels, and painting, wherever they could stick a brush. I own I have not, as yet, anywhere met with those grand and simple works of art,



that are to amaze one, and whose sight one is to be the better for; but those of Nature have astonished me beyond expression. In our little journey up to the *Grande Chartreuse*, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation, that there was no restraining. Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes, that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noon-day: You have death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed, as to compose the mind without frightening it. I am well persuaded, St. Bruno was a man of no common genius, to choose such a situation for his retirement, and perhaps should have been a disciple of his, had I been born in his time. You may believe, Abelard and Heloise were not forgot upon this occasion. If I do not mistake, I saw you too every now and then at a distance among the trees. You seemed to call to me from the other side of the precipice, but the noise of the river below was so great, that I really could not distinguish what you said; it seemed to have a cadence like verse. In your next you will be so good to let me know what it was. The week we have since passed among the Alps, has not equalled the single day upon that mountain, because the winter was rather too

too far advanced, and the weather a little foggy. However, it did not want its beauties, the savage rudeness of the view is inconceivable without seeing it. I reckoned in one day thirteen cascades, the least of which was, I dare say, one hundred feet in height. I had Livy in the chaise with me, and beheld his: *Nives cælo prope immistæ, tecta informia imposita rupibus, pecora jumentaque torrida frigore, homines intonsi & inculti, animalia inanimaque omnia rigentia gelu, omnia confragosa præruptaque.* The creatures, that inhabit them, are in all respects below humanity and most of them, especially women, have the *tumidum guttur*, which they call *goscia*. Mount Cenis, I confess, carries the permission mountains have of being frightfull rather too far, and its horrors were accompanied with too much danger, to give one time to reflect upon their beauties. There is a family of the Alpine monsters I have mentioned, upon its very tops, that in the middle of winter calmly lay in their stock of provisions and firing, and so are buried in their hut for a month or two under the snow. When we were down it, and got a little way into Piedmont, we began to find: *Apricos quosdam colles, rivosque prope silvas & jam humano cultu digniora loca.* I read Silius Italicus too, for the first time, and wished for you according to custom. We set out for Genoa in two days time. D 3 X.



N:o X.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. WEST.

“Horridos tractus Boreæque linquens

“Regna Taurini fera, molliorem

“Advehor bruman Genuæque amantes

Littora soles. “

At least, if they do not, they have a very ill taste, for I never beheld any thing more amiable. Only figure to yourself a vast semicircular basin, full of fine blue sea, and vessels of all sorts and sizes, some sailing out, some coming in, and others at anchor; and all round it palaces and churches peeping over one another's heads, gardens, and marble terraces full of orange and cypress trees, fountains, and trellis-works covered with vines, which all together compose the grandest of theatres. This is the first coup d' œuil, and is almost all I am yet able to give you an account of, for we arrived late last night. To-day was, luckily, a great festival, and in the morning we resorted to the Church of the *Madonna delle Vigne*, to put up our little orisons, (I believe I forgot to tell you, that we have been sometime converts to the holy Catholic Church) we found our Lady richly dressed out, with a crown of diamonds on her head, another upon the child's, and a constellation of waxlights burning before them. Shortly after came the Do-



Doge, in his robe of crimson damask, and a cap of the same, followed by the Senate in black. Upon his approach began a fine concert of Music, and among the rest two eunuch's voices, that were a perfect feast to ears that had heard nothing but French Operas for a year. We listened to this, and breathed nothing but incense for two hours. The Doge is * a very tall, lean, stately, old figure, called Constantino Balbi, and the Senate seem to have been made upon the same model. They said their prayers, and heard an absurd white friar preach, with equal devotion. After this we went to the *Annonciata*, a Church built by the family Lomellini and belonging to it; which is, indeed, a most stately structure, the inside wholly marble of various kinds, except where gold and painting take its place. From hence to the *Palazzo Doria*. I should make you sick of marble, if I told you, how it was lavished here upon the porticoes, the balustrades, and terraces, the lowest of which extends quite to the sea. The inside is by no means answerable to the outward magnificence; the furniture seems to be as old as the founder of the family. There great embossed silver-tables tell you, in bas-relief, his victories at sea: how he entertained the Emperor Charles, and how he refused the sovereignty of the Common-

D 4

wealth,

* in the year 1739.



wealth, when it was offered him; the rest is old-fashioned velvet chairs and Gothic tapestry. The rest of the day has been spent, much to our heart's content, in cursing French music and architecture, and in singing the praises of Italy. We find this place so very fine, that we are in fear of finding nothing finer. We are fallen in love with the Mediterrean sea, and hold your lakes and your rivers in vast contempt. This is: "The happy country where huge lemons grow" as Waller says; and I am sorry to think of leaving it in a week for Parma, although it be: "The happy country, where huge cheeses grow."

N:o XI.

Mr. GRAY to his MOTHER.

This is the third day since we came to Rome, but the first hour I have had to write to you in. The Journey from Florence cost us four days, one of which was spent at Sienna, an agreeable, clean old city, of no great magnificence or extent; but in a fine situation and good air. What it has most considerable is its cathedral, a huge pile of marble, blanc and white laid alternately, and laboured with a gothic niceness and delicacy in the old-fashioned way. Within too are some paintings and sculptures of considerable hands. The sight of this, and some collections that were shewed us in
pri-



private houses, were a sufficient employment for the little time we were to pass there; and the next morning we set forward on our journey through a country very oddly composed. For some miles you have a continual scene of little mountains cultivated from top to bottom with rows of olive-trees, or else elms, each of which has its vine twining about it, and mixing with the branches, and corn sown between all the ranks. This, diversified with numerous small houses and convents, makes the most agreeable prospect in the world; but, all of a sudden, it alters to black barren hills, as far as the eye can reach, that seem never to have been capable of culture, and are as ugly as useless. Such is the country for some time before one comes to mount Radicofani, a terrible black hill, on the top of which we were to lodge that night. It is very high, and difficult of ascent; and at the foot of it we were much embarrassed by the fall of one of the poor horses that drew us. This accident obliged another chaise, which was coming down, to stop also; and out of it peeped a figure in a red cloak with a handkerchief tied round its head, which, by its voice and mien, seemed a fat old woman; but, upon its getting out, appeared to be *Senesino*, who was returning from Naples to Sienna, the place of his birth and residence. On the highest part of the mountain is an old



fortress, and near it a house built by one of the Grand Dukes for a hunting-seat, but now converted into an inn. It is the shell of a large fabrick, but such an inside, such chambers and accommodations, that your cellar is a palace in comparison; and your cat sups and lies much better than we did; for, it being a Saint's eve, there was nothing but eggs. We devoured our meager fare, and after stopping up the windows with the quilts, were obliged to lie upon the straw-beds in our clothes. Such are the conveniences in a road, that is, as it were, the great thoroughfare of all the world. Just on the other side of this mountain, at Ponte-Centino, one enters the Patrimony of the Church, a most delicious country, but thinly inhabited. That night brought us to Viterbo, a City of a more lively appearance than any we had lately met with. The houses have glass-windows, which is not very usual here, and most of the streets are terminated by a handsome fountain. Here we had the pleasure of breaking our fast on the leg of an old hare and some broiled crows. Next morning, in descending Mount Viterbo, we first discovered (tho' at near thirty miles distance) the cupola of *St. Peter's*, and a little after began to enter on an old Roman pavement, with now and then a ruined tower, or a sepulchre on each hand. We now had a clear view of the City, though not to the best advantage,



as coming along a plain quite upon a level with it; however, it appeared very vast, and surrounded with magnificent villas and gardens. We soon after crossed the *Tiber*, a river, that ancient Rome made more considerable than any merit of its own could have done. However, it is not contemptibly small, but a good handsome stream, very deep, yet somewhat of a muddy complexion. The first entrance of Rome is prodigiously striking. It is by a noble gate, designed by Michel Angelo and adorned with statues: this brings you into a large square, in the midst of which is a vast obelisk of granite, and in front you have at one view two Churches of a handsome architecture, and so much alike that they are called twins, with 3 streets, the middlemost of which is one of the longest in Rome. As high as my expectation was raised, I confess, the magnificence of this City infinitely surpasses it. You cannot pass along a street, but you have views of some palace, or Church, or square, or fountain, the most picturesque and noble one can imagine. We have not yet set about considering its beauties, ancient and modern, with attention; but have already taken a slight transient view of some of the most remarkable. *St. Peters* I saw the day after we arrived, and was struck dumb with wonder. I there saw the Cardinal D'Auvergne, one of the French ones, who, upon coming
off



off his journey, immediately repaired hither to offer up his vows at the high altar, and went directly into the conclave; the doors of which we saw opened to him, and all the other immured Cardinals came thither to receive him. Upon his entrance they were closed again directly. It is supposed they will not come to an agreement about a Pope till after Easter, though the confinement is very disagreeable. I have hardly Philosophy enough to see the Infinity of fine things that are here daily in the power of any body that has money, without regretting the want of it, but custom has the power of making things easy to one. I have not yet seen his Majesty of Great-Britain, though I have the two boys in the villa Borgheſe where they go a-shooting almost every day; it was at a distance indeed, for we did not choose to meet them, as you may imagine. This letter (like all those the English send or receive) will pass through the hands of that family, before it comes to those it was intended for. They do it more honour than it deserves, and all they will learn from thence will be, that I desire you to give my duty to my Father, and whatever else it is due, and that I am &c.

N:o XII.

Mr. GRAY to his MOTHER.

To-day I am just come from paying my adoration at S. Peter's to 3 extraordinary re-



relics, which are exposed to public view only on these two days in the whole year, at which time all the confraternities in the city come in procession to see them. It was something extremely novel to see that vast Church, and the most magnificent in the world, undoubtedly, illuminated (for it was night) by thousand of little crystal lamps, disposed in the figure of a huge cross at the high altar, and seeming to hang alone in the air. All the light proceeded from this, and had the most singular effect imaginable as one entered the great door. Soon after came, one after another, I believe, 30 processions, all dressed in linen frocks, and girt with a cord, their heads covered with a cowl all over only two holes to see through left. Some of them were all black, others red, others white, others party-coloured; these were continually coming and going with their tapers and crucifixes before them; and to each company, as they arrived and knelt before the great altar, were shewn from a balcony, at a great height, the three wonders, which are, you must know, the head of the spear that wounded Christ, S. Veronica's handkerchief with the miraculous impression of his face upon it, and a piece of the true cross, on the sight of which the people thump their breasts and kiss the pavement with vast devotion. The tragical part of the ceremony is half a-dozen wre-



wretched creatures, who, with their faces covered, but naked to the waist, are in a side-chapel disciplining themselves with scourges full of iron prickles; but really in earnest, as our eyes can testify, which saw their backs and arms so raw we should have taken it for a red satin doublet torn, and shewing the skin through, had we not been convinced of the contrary by the blood which was plentifully sprinkled about them.

N:o XIII.

Mr. GRAY to Mr. WEST.

I am to-day just returned from Alba, a good deal fatigued, for you know the Appian is somewhat tiresome. We dined at Pompey's; he indeed was gone for a few days to his Tusculan, but, by the care of his *Villicus*, we made an admirable meat. We had the dugs of a pregnant sow, a peacock, a dish of thrushes, a noble scarus just fresh from the Tyrrhene, and some conchyliæ of the lake with garum sauce: for my part I never eat better at Lucullus's table. We drank half a-dozen *Cyathi* a-piece of ancient Alban to Pholoë's health; and after bathing and playing an hour at ball, we mounted our *essedum* again, and proceeded up the mount to the temple. The priests there entertained us with an account of a wonderfull shower of birds eggs, that had fallen two days be-



before, which had no sooner touched the ground, but they were converted into gudgeons; as also that the night past a dreadfull voice had been heard out of the *Adytum*, which spoke Greek during a full half hour, but no body understood it. But quitting my Romanities, to your great joy and mine, let me tell you, in plain English, that we come from *Albano*. The present town lies within the inclosure of *Pompey's Villa* in ruins. The *Appian way* runs through it, by the side of which, a little farther, is a large old tomb, with 5 pyramids upon it, which the learned suppose to be the burying place of the family, because they do not know whose it can be else. But the vulgar assure you, it is the sepulchre of the *Curatii*, and by that name (such is their power) it goes. One drives to Castle Gondolfo, a house of the Pope's, situated on the top of one *Collinette*, that forms a brim to the bason, Commonly called the Alban lake. It is 7 miles round; and directly opposite to you, on the other side, rises the *Mons Albanus*, much taller than the rest, along whose side are still discoverable (not to common eyes) certain little ruins of the old *Alba Longa*. They had need be very little, as having been nothing but ruins ever since the days of *Tullus Hostilius*. On its top is a house of the Constable Colonna's, where stood the temple of *Jupiter Latialis*. At the foot of the
the



the hill Gondolfo are the famous outlets of the lake, built with hewn stone, a mile and a half under ground. *Liwy*, you know, amply informs us of the foolish occasion of this expence, and gives me this opportunity of displaying all my erudition, that I may appear considerable in your eyes. This is the prospect from one window of the palace. From another you have the whole *Campagna*, the City *Antium*, and the Tyrrhene sea (twelve miles distant) so distinguishable, that you may see the vessels sailing upon it. All this is charming. Mr. Walpole says, our memory sees more than our eyes in this country. Which is extremely true; since, for realities, Windsor or Richmond-Hill is infinitely preferable to *Albano* or *Frescati*. I am now at home, and going to the window to tell you it is the most beautifull of Italian nights, which, in truth, are but just begun (so backward has the spring been here, and everywhere else, they say). There is a moon. There are stars for you! Do not you hear the fountain? Do not you smell the Orange Flowers? That building yonder is the convent of S. Isidore: and that eminence, with the cypress trees and pines upon it, the top of M. Quirinal. This is all true, and yet my prospect is not 200 yards in length.



N:o XIV.

hence
 From a Gentleman on his Death-bed to
 his Friend.

pinade omintu *vingar* *vingate*
 Hope humbly then; with trembling Pinions soar;
 Wait the great Teacher Death; and GOD adore. *till bed*

POPE.

for **B**EFORE you receive this, my final state
varlden will be determined by the Judge of all the
 earth; in a few days at most, perhaps in a few *bigote*
 hours, the inevitable sentence will be past, that
 shall raise me to the heights of happiness, or
 sink me to the depths of misery. While you
leser read these lines, I shall be either groaning un-
 der the agonies of absolute despair, or trium-
 phing in fulness of joy.

It is impossible for me to express the pre-
 sent disposition of my soul, the vast uncertain-
 ty I am struggling with; no words can paint the
 force and vivacity of my apprehensions: every
 doubt wears the face of horror, and would per-
 fectly overwhelm me, but for some faint beams
 of hope, which dart across the tremendous
 gloom. What tongue can utter the anguish
 of a soul suspended between the extreams of in-
 finite joy, or eternal misery? I am throwing
 my last stake for eternity, and tremble and
 shudder for the important event. *et gangen i viga*

Good God! how have I employed myself!
 what enchantment has held me! in what deli-
 rium has my life been past! what have I been

E

doing!



doing! while the sun in its race, and the stars
in their courses, have sent me beams, perhaps,
only to light me to perdition.

I never waked till now. I have but just
commenced the dignity of a rational being: till
this instant I had a wrong apprehension of every
thing in nature; I have pursued shadows,
entertained myself with dreams; I have been
treasuring up dust, and sporting myself with
the wind. I look back upon my past life,
and, but for some memorials of infamy and
guilt, it is a blank, a perfect vacancy. I might
have grazed with the beasts of the field, or sung
with the winged inhabitants of the woods, to
much better purpose, than any for which I have
lived: and oh! but for some faint hope, a
thousand times more blest had I been to have
slept with the clods of the valley, and never
heard the almighty fiat, nor waked into life at
his command!

I never had a just apprehension of the so-
lemnity of the part I am to act till now. I have
often met death insulting on the hostile plain,
and with a stupid boast defied his terrors, with
a courage as brutal as that of the warlike horse,
I have rushed into the battle, laughed at the
glittering spear, and rejoiced at the sound of the
trumpet; nor had a thought of any state be-
yond the grave, nor of the great tribunal, to
which I must have been summoned;

Whe-

Where all my secret guilt had been reveal'd,
Nor the minutest circumstance conceal'd.

It is this which arms death with all his ter-
rors; else I could still mock at fear, and smile
in the face of the gloomy Monarch. It is not
giving up my breath, it is not being ever in-
fensible, is the thought at which I shrink: it is
the terrible hereafter; the something beyond
the grave at which I recoil. Those great rea-
lities, which in the hours of mirth and vanity
I have treated as phantoms, as the idle dreams
of superstitious brains; these start forth, and
dare me now in their most terrible demonstra-
tion. My awakened conscience feels something
of that eternal vengeance I have often defied.

To what height of madness is it possible
for human nature to reach! what extravagance
is it to jest with death: to sport with eternal
chains, and recreate a jovial fancy with the sce-
nes of eternal misery!

Were there no impiety in this kind of
mirth, it would be as ill-bred as to entertain a
dying friend with the sight of a Harlequin, or
the rehearsal of a farce. Every thing in nature
seems to reproach this levity in human creatu-
res: the whole creation except man is serious;
man who has the highest reason to be so, whi-
le he has affairs of infinite consequence depen-
ding on his short uncertain duration. A con-



uski'ng
 demned wretch may with as good a grace go dancing to his execution, as the greatest part of mankind go on with such a thoughtless gaiety to their graves.

after
with
 Oh my friend! with what horror do I recall those hours of vanity we have *lost* together! return ye lost neglected moments! how should I prize you above all the treasures of the east! let me dwell with hermits; let me rest on the cold earth; let me converse in cottages: may I but once more stand a candidate for an immortal crown, and have my probation for celestial happiness!

for
betwixt
 Ye vain grandeurs of a court! ye sounding titles! and perishing riches! what do ye now signify? what consolation, what relief can ye give me?

after
and
long
 I have had a splendid passage to the grave, I languish on soft and downy pillows, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians; my dependents sigh, my sisters weep; my father bends beneath a load of years and grief; my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inward anguish; my friend, the generous Pylades, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs, and leaves me to hide his secret grief. But oh! Which of these will answer my summons at the high tribunal? Which of them will bail me from the arrest of death? Who will descend into the dark prison of the grave for me? Here



Here they all leave me, after having paid
 a few idle ceremonies to the breathless clay;
 which, perhaps, may lie reposed in state, while
 my soul, my only conscious part, may stand
 trembling before my Judge. My afflicted friends,
 it is very probable, with great solemnity, will
 lay the senseless corpse in a stately monument,
 inscribed with,

Here lies the Great.

But, could the pale carcase speak, it would reply:

—— False marble, where?

Nothing but poor and fordid dust lies here.

While some flattering panegyric is pronoun-
 ced at my interment, I may, perhaps, be hea-
 ring my just condemnation at a superior tribu-
 nal, where an unerring verdict may sentence
 me to everlasting infamy. But I cast myself on
 his absolute mercy, through the infinite merits
 of the Redeemer of lost mankind. Adieu, my
 faithful companion, until we meet in the world
 of spirits.

N:o XV.

On the unbounded and astonishing Scenes
 of Creation.

Come forth, O Man! yon Azure round survey,
 And view those Lamps which yield eternal Day.

THE sun had quitted the horizon, and with-
 drawn his prolific beams, when, tired with
 the labours of the day, I took a solitary walk



Grant

on the western cliffs. At the foot of the steep mountain, the sea, all clear and smooth, formed an immense plain, and held a watery mirror to the skies. The lively vermilion, which lately streaked the chambers of the west, began to fade, and the planets one after another lighted up their lamps, and the stars advanced in their glittering train; a thousand and a thousand luminaries shone forth in successive splendors, and the whole firmament kindled into the most beautiful glow. Night had now wrapped in darkness the long-extended forest, and drawn her mantle over the humble vale. The moon, walking in brightness, seemed to contemplate herself, with a peculiar pleasure, while the transparent surface, both received, and returned her silver image.

What infinitely rich fields are the heavens, for displaying the perfections of the great Creator! the heavens, in the most emphatical manner, declare the glory of God. The heavens are nobly eloquent of the Deity, and their Maker's praise. They speak to the whole universe; for there is neither speech so barbarous, but their language is understood; nor nations so distant, but their voices are heard among them.

Ye citizens of air! what ardent thanks,
What full effusion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man, indulg'd in such a sight!

A

lyn A sight so noble! and a sight so kind!

infallible It drops new truths, on ev'ry new survey! *betwixt*

admiration The vulgar look upon the stars as nothing more than a multitude of bright spangles, dropped over the ætherial blue. They have no higher notion of these fine appearances; than that they are so many golden fluds with which the empyrean arch is decorated. But studious minds, that carry a more accurate and strict enquiry among the celestial bodies, bring back advice of a most astonishing import. Let us recollect the most stupendous discoveries, and let the unlearned remember, that the scene we are going to display, is the workmanship of that incomprehensible Being, who is perfect in knowledge, and mighty in power; whose name, whose nature, and whose operations, are great and marvellous; who summons into being, with equal ease, a single grain, or ten thousand worlds. *ballar*

vida The earth, to us that dwell on its surface, seems by far the most extensive orb, that our eyes can any where behold. It is also cloathed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with a variety of beautiful decorations. Whereas, to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears an uniform aspect; look all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who dwell at still greater distances, it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the



under morning or the evening star, is a planetary world, which, with four others, which so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own; are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence; and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life. All which, together with this our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the sun; receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comforts from his benign agency.

New The sun, that seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is, in this respect, fixed and immoveable: it is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and the other planetary orbs, wheel their stated courses. — The sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth; on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side, through the center of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles: a girdle formed to go round its circumference would require a length of millions; and, were its solid content to be computed, the account would even confound our understanding, and almost exceed the power of language to express. —

Are



Are we startled at these reports of philosophy?
 Are we ready to cry out, in a transport of surprise, how mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire, and keeps alive, from age to age, such an enormous mass of flame?
 — Let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations incomparably more enlarged and amazing.

This system of ours is but a very small part of the universe: every star, though in appearance but a lucid point, is really a vast globe, equally spacious and luminous with our sun; and, like him, the center of a magnificent system, attended with worlds, which their immeasurable distance veils from our sight.

How distant some of these nocturnal suns! *infinite*
 So distant (says the sage), *where* were not absurd *primordial*
 To doubt, if beams, set out at nature's birth, *sidebe*
 Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world; *from nature*
 Tho' nothing half so rapid as their flight.
 An eye of awe and wonder let me roll, *haste*
 And roll for ever: Who can satiate sight *pyrin*
 In such a scene? In such an ocean wide
 Of deep astonishment? Where depth, height,
 breadth,

Are lost in their extremes: and, where to count *it*
 The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,
 Perhaps a seraph's computation fails. *felt*

Are we struck with wonder at this small

betagna E 5

sketch



ut hact

Shapell
forwards
Samuel Johnson
 sketch of creation? How then must we be lost in wonder at the consideration of the Creator himself! who is so high, that he looks down on the highest of these dazzling spheres, and sees even the summit of creation in a vale: so great, that this prodigious extent of space is but a point in his presence; and all this confluence of worlds as the lightest atom, that fluctuates in air, and sports in the meridian ray.

The more attentively I view the crystal concave, the greater number of luminaries I discern. Abundance of minuter lights, that lay concealed from a superficial notice, are visible on a closer examination; especially in those tracts of the sky which are called the Galaxy, and are distinguishable by a sort of milky path; there they are crowded rather than disseminated: the region seems to be all on a blaze with their blended rays: they shine thick as dew-drops on the face of the morning. — Besides this vast profusion, which the prying eye discovers, were I to make my survey from a part of the globe, considerably nearer the southern pole, I should behold a new choir of starry bodies which have never appeared in our hemisphere. — And, were I to view the firmament with the virtuoso's glass, I should perceive a vast number of floating orbs, that, immersed in depths of æther, escape the keenest unassisted sight. And yet, in these various stations,

which

even



even with the aid of the telescopic tube, I should not be able to descry the half, perhaps not the thousandth part, of those illustrious bodies contained in the immeasurable expanse of the heavens.

If these stars are so many inexhaustible magazines of fire, and immense reservoirs of light, there is no doubt, but they have some very grand uses suitable to the magnificence of their nature. To specify, or explain, the particular purposes they answer, is altogether impossible in our present state of distance and ignorance: this, however, we may clearly discern, that they are disposed in such a manner as is most pleasing and serviceable to mankind. They are placed at such an infinite distance as not to be beyond our sight; neither are they brought so near our abode as to annoy us with their beams: we see them shine on every side; and the deep azure, which serves them as a ground, heightens their splendor. — Who can sufficiently admire the immense benignity, which, on our account, strews the earth with blessings of every kind, and vouchsafes to make the very heavens subservient to our delight?

When I consider these surprizing scenes of creation, and stretch my thoughts to the innumerable orders of being which inhabit all those spacious systems, from the loftiest seraph, that surrounds the throne, to the puny nations;
which



which tinge with blue the surface of the plum, or mantle the standing pool with green: O! how various are the links in this immense chain! How vast the gradations in this universal scale of existence! Yet all these, however vast and various, are the work of God's hand, and full of his presence.

He rounded these dreadfully large globes which are pendulous in the vault of heaven: he kindled those astonishingly bright fires which fill the firmament with a flood of glory. By him they are suspended in fluid æther, and cannot be shaken: by him they dispense a perpetual tide of beams, and are never exhausted. — He formed with inexpressible nicety, that exquisitely fine collection of tubes, that unknown multiplicity of subtle springs, which organize, and actuate, the frame of the minutest insect. He bids the crimson current roll; the vital motions play; and associates a world of wonders in an insect almost imperceptible to the eye assisted by the microscopic tube. — In all these is a rich exhibition of creative power; to all these are extended the special regards of preserving goodness. For not one being, among that inconceivable number and variety, which swarm thro' the regions of creation, is overlooked or neglected by the great omnipotent cause of all. However inconsiderable in its character, or diminutive in its size, it is still the production of the
the



the universal Maker, and belongs to the family of the Almighty Father.

Having thus taken a short view of the astonishing scenes of creation, we cannot more properly conclude than with the following hymn of the celebrated Mr. Addison:

The spacious firmament on high,
And all the blue ætherial sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes, to ev'ry land,
The work of an almighty hand.

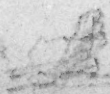
Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though, nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
The hand, that made us, is divine.

No XVI.

Occasional Letter on the Necessity of improving every Moment of our Time.

Life





— Life can little more supply,
Than just to look about us, and to die. *do* POPE.

How quick are the advances of time! The day is gone, almost as soon as dawned! The silent moments slip away insensibly! No *thief* steals more unperceived from the pillaged house. Wherever we are, however employed, time pursues his incessant course. *Though* we are listless and dilatory, the great measurer of our days presses on; still presses on, in his unwearied career, and whirls our weeks, and months, and years away. Is it not, then, surprisingly strange to hear people complain of the tediousness of their time, and how heavy it hangs upon their hands? To see them contriving a variety of amusing artifices to accelerate its flight, and get rid of its burden? Why, thoughtless mortals! need you urge the headlong torrent? Your days are swifter than a post, which, carrying dispatches of the utmost importance, with unremitted speed scours the road. They pass away like the nimble ships, which have wind in their wings, and skim along the watery plain. They hasten to their destined period with the rapidity of an eagle, which leaves the stormy blast behind her, while she cleaves the air, and darts upon her prey.

And, when it is gone, how short it appears! When the fond eye beheld it in perspective, it seemed an extensive plan; but, on a retrospe-

non cative



ctive view, how wonderfully is the scene altered! The landscape, large and spacious which a warm fancy drew, brought to the test of cool experience, shrinks into a span; just as the shores vanish, and mountains dwindle to a spot, when the sailor, surrounded by skies and ocean, throws his last look on his native land.

Shall we, then, be industrious to shorten what is no longer than a span, or to quicken the pace of what is ever on the wing? Shall we squander away what is unutterably important, while it lasts; and, when once departed, is altogether irrecoverable? Forbear the folly, forbear the desperate extravagance. Shall we chide, as a loiterer, the arrow that boundeth from the string; or sweep away diamonds, as the refuse of our houses? How parsimonious should we be of our days; how carefully husband our precious hours! They go indissolubly connected with happiness, or misery. Improved, they are a sure pledge of everlasting glory; wasted, they are a sad preface to never ending confusion and anguish. On these, therefore, our eternal all depends. And will an affair of such unspeakable weight admit of a moment's delay, or consist with the least remissness? — Especially since much of our appointed time is already elapsed, and the remainder is all uncertainty. — But, suppose we had made a covenant with the grave, and were assured,



red of reaching the age of Methuselah, how soon would even such a lease expire! Let it be extended yet farther, and made co-existent with nature itself; yet, how speedily will the consummation of all things commence! For, yet a little while, and the commissioned archangel will lift up his hand to heaven, and swear by the Almighty name, 'That time shall be no longer.' Then abused opportunities will never more be offered. Then, should negligent mortals wish, ever so passionately, for a few moments only to be thrown back from the opening eternity, thousands of worlds would not be able to procure the grant. *bisect*

for the
sign
What inexpressible consternation must overwhelm unthinking mortals, who have squandered their time in vice, when the general conflagration commences! That dreadful day will soon approach, 'in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and all the works that are therein, shall be burnt up.' That mighty hand, which once opened the windows from on high, and broke up the fountains of the great deep, will then unlock all the magazines of fire, and pour a second deluge upon the earth. The vengeful flames, kindled by the breath of the Almighty, will spread themselves from the centre to the circumference; nothing will withstand their impetuosity, nothing escape their rage.



Magnificent palaces and solemn temples will be laid in ashes: Spacious cities and impregnable towers buried in one smothering mass. Not only the productions of human art, but the works of Almighty power, will be fuel for the devouring element. The everlasting mountains will melt, like the snows which cover their summits; and even the vast oceans serve only to augment the inconceivable rapidity and fury of the blaze.

These are events, the greatness of which nothing finite can measure. Such, as will cause whatever is considerable, or momentous, in the annals of all generations, to sink into littleness and nothing. Events, big with the everlasting fates of all the living and all the dead. — We must see the graves cleaving, the sea teeming, and swarms unsuspected, crowds unnumbered, yea, multitudes of thronging nations rising from both. — We must see the world in flames; must stand at the dissolution of all terrestrial things, and be attendants on the burial of nature. — We must see the vast expanse of sky wrapped up like a scroll, and the incarnate God issuing from light inaccessible, with ten thousand times ten thousand angels, to judge both men and devils. — We must see the curtain of time drop, see all eternity disclosed to view, and enter upon a state of being that will never have an end.



Ought we not, therefore, to husband well every moment of our time, and take heed to our ways? Is there an inquiry, is there a care of greater, of equal, of comparable importance? — For, otherwise, how shall we stand with boldness, when the stars of heaven fall from their orbs? — How shall we look up with joy, and see our salvation drawing nigh, when the hearts of millions fail for fear?

herden N:o XVII. *in post*

lyatic *herdelarow* *lamm* *lamm*
The SHEPHERD and the SEA. A Fable.

in komf *lamm* *lamm* *lamm*
BLESS'D with the profits of his bleating store,

Near the sea-shore, *lamm* *lamm* *lamm*

A shepherd liv'd content; *lamm* *lamm* *lamm*

'Tis true his income was but small,

But it was sure, that's all in all;

He had enough, and paid his rent,

What could he wish for more?

lamm *lamm* *lamm*
It so mishap'd he saw each day

Vessels arriving in the bay, *lamm* *lamm* *lamm*

Whose treasures cover'd all the strand:

To mad ambition he gives way,

Nor can no longer now withstand

The strong temptation to be rich and great

But greedily devours th' alluring bait,

And sells his sheep and land;

Then in one bottom, to his cost, *lamm* *lamm* *lamm*

He rashly ventures all, and all was lost.

lamm *lamm* *lamm*
Thus

Thus tumbled from his former state,

He that was once the foremost of the swains,

Th' Alexis, or the Daphnis of the plains,

For whom the shepherdesses made such rout,

Was now plain Roger, or poor Colin Clout.

Home'er in time, with diligence and pains,

Hoarding each day his little gains,

Once more he owns a flock;

Again sets up, buys in more stock,

Increasing by degrees his store,

And, as most bankrupts do, grew richer than

before.

By fortune favour'd, as by Fortune crost,

Our shepherd, now no longer tost,

Again is settled to his mind,

And ne'er enquires how sets the wind.

But as perchance, by the sea-side,

He gaz'd around and saw the tide,

Scarce dimpled with the breeze;

And saw the ships in safety ride;

Ah flatt'ring faithless deep! he cry'd,

I tell by looks like these.

Venus, 'tis said, from you arose,

You have, I see, your daughter's smiles,

With all her harlot wiles,

And want more money, I suppose:

But, Lady Waves, I'm none of those,

That twice are to be caught;

You may tempt others as you tempted me,



But faith of mine you ne'er again shall see
A single groat.

Were honest dealers but content
With mod'rate profits, cent per cent.
We should not see, as 'tis the way,
How much per pound is left to pay.

The man unpleas'd with his own post,
Who, led by lucre's selfish call,
Trusts to the seas his little all,
Oft counts without his host,
And rises but to fall:

So he that leaves his quiet seat,
In hopes at Court to grow more great;
The substance for the shadow quits,
He'll meet more rubs than hits,
And mail his folly when too late.

Bewilder'd men, for ever blind,
To trust to Courts or to the wind.

But still, if from your golden dreams,
To wake you're not inclin'd,
Go pay attendance at St. James',
Rely once more on South-sea schemes,
And this day twelvemonth let us know your
mind.

N:o XVIII.

The Rose and other Flowers, a Fable.

WHEN beasts could speak, and feather'd
birds

Con-



Convers'd like us, and utter'd words:

When things inanimate could chatter,

And moralise on ev'ry matter: *enne*

In blooming youth a sprightly rose, *ungdom*

Amidst the flow'ry belles, arose, *blomstrande skötheter*

That paint the garden's gay parterre,

Herself she thought the fairest there,

And thus she spoke with flaunting air: *skrytande*

Ladies, indeed: I must confess,

I like the colours of your dress; *klädd*

That pretty lilly here so white, *vakrad*

That hyacinth enchants my sight. *nyvinkthän*

Yon soft carnation — how it pleases, *nej likan*

And sweetly, Zephyr, scents the breezes; *fläster*

That jonquil too, or let me die, *nar jag kan*

Is most delighting to the eye — *för nej anale*

The jessamin's delicious sinell, *loftat*

I vow, I relish very well — *jag tycker om*

The tulip too her beauty shares —

But which of you with me compares?

How well my red and white bespeak *roda*

The charms that dwell on Delia's cheek!

And then again the lover sips

My sweets from Delia's modest lips:

By me young poets are supply'd,

Her blush I give the bashful bride;

And but for me how wond'rous faint *matl.*

Would be the artist's mimic paint! *efter apande*

Me, when enliv'ning Phœbus greets, *här*



How tasteless are Arabian sweets!
Behold, with fine expanded wings,
Yon flutt'ring beaux, those busy things,
With wanton buz around me play,
And court me all the live-long day.

Behold my beauties well, and own
Your center all in me alone; —
Where'er I dwell, in gardens bowers,

Confess me still the Queen of flowers.

The humble cowslip thus reply'd,

Insulting minx, we scorn your pride;

Your merit claims a place, 'tis true,

Among the first for smell and hue,

But then remember, tho' so gay,

Your reign is but a single day —

Consider too nature bestows

Not all her favours on the rose;

In all she does there's great design,

You have your use, and I have mine.

You'll now, dear Kitty, sure be able

To guess the moral of my fable; —

That riches, beauty, titles, pow'r,

Are but the trifles of an hour —

Pride ill becomes the noblest breast;

Still the most modest are the best.

No XIX.

The Ladle. A Tale.

The Sceptics think 'twas long ago
Since Gods came down incognito;

To



To see, who were their friends or foes, *fiende*
And how our actions fell or rose;
That since they gave things their beginning, *begin*
And set this whirlygig a-spinning, *along*
Supine they in their heav'n remain, *for the first*
Exempt from passion and from pain,
And frankly leave us human elves *single*
To cut and shuffle for ourselves,
To stand or walk, to rise or tumble *fall*
As matter and as motion jumble. *omblance*

The poets now and painters hold *page*
This thesis both absurd and bold, *quip*
And your good-natur'd Gods, they say, *segato*
Descends some twice or thrice a-day, *am dagen*
Else all these things we toil so hard in,
Would not avail one single farthing;
For when the Hero we rehearse, *forty*
To grace his actions and our verse,
'Tis not by dint of human thought
That to his Latium he is brought;
Iris descends by Fate's commands *olets*
To guide his steps thro' foreign lands, *fermande*
And Amphitrite clears his way
From rocks and quicksands in the sea.

And if you see him in a sketch, *knings (thast)*
(Tho' drawn by Paolo or Carache)
He shows not half his force and strength
Strutting in armour, and at length, *on piler*
That he may make his proper figure,
The piece must yet be four yards bigger; *horre*



The nymphs conduct him to the field;
 One holds his sword, and one his shield:
 Mars standing by asserts his quarrel,
 And Fame flies after with a laurel.

These points, I say, of speculation
 (As 'twere to save or sink the nation)
 Men idly learned will dispute,
 Assert, object, confirm, refute;
 Each mighty angry, mighty right
 With equal arms sustains the fight,
 Till now no umpire can agree 'em,
 So both draw off and sing *Te Deum*.

Is it *in equilibrio*

If Deities descend or no?
 Then let th'affirmative prevail,
 As requisite to form my Tale;
 For by all parties 'tis confest
 That those opinions are the best
 Which in their nature most conduce
 To present ends and private use.

Two Gods came, therefore, from above,
 One Mercury, the other Jove;
 The humour was, it seems, to know,
 If all the favours they bestow
 Could from our own perverseness ease us,
 And if our wish enjoy'd would please us.
 Discoursing largely on this theme,
 O'er hills and dales their godships came,
 Till well-nigh tir'd at almost night
 They thought it proper to alight.

Note



mark
Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in disguise a God or Goddess
Exerts no supernat'ral powers,
But acts on maxims much like ours.
They spy'd at last a country farm,
Where all was snug and clean and warm;
For woods before, and hills behind
Secur'd it both from rain and wind:
Large oxen in the field were lowing,
Good grain was sow'd, good fruit was growing;
Of last year's corn in barns great store;
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door,
And Wealth in short with Peace consented,
That people here should live contented;
But did they in effect do so?

Have patience, friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest farmer and his wife,

To years declin'd from prime of life,

Had struggled with the marriage noose

As almost every couple does:

Sometimes My plague! sometimes My darling!

Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling;

Jointly submitting to endure

That evil which admits no cure.

Our Gods the outward gate unbarr'd;

Our farmer met 'em in the yard;

Thought they were folks that lost their way,

And ask'd them civilly to stay;

Told 'em, for supper, or for bed,

They might go on and be worse sped. —

So



So said, so done: The Gods consent:

All three into the parlour went:

They compliment, they sit, they chat,

Fight o'er the wars, reform the state,

A thousand knotty points they clear,

Till supper and my wife appear.

Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the dame,

Obsequious Hermes did the same.

Jove kiss'd the farmer's wife, you say!

He did — but in an honest way;

Oh! not with half that warmth and life,

Whith which he kiss'd Amphitryon's wife. —

Well, then, things handsomely were serv'd;

My mistress for the strangers carv'd.

How strong the beer, how good the meat,

How loud the laugh'd, how much they eat,

In Epic sumptuous would appear,

Yet shall be pass'd in silence here;

For I should grieve to have it said

That, by a fine description led,

I made my Episod too long,

Or tir'd my friend to grace my song.

The grace-cup serv'd, the cloth away,

Jove thought it time to show his play.

Landlord and landlady, he cry'd,

Folly and jesting laid aside,

That ye thus hospitably live,

And strangers with good cheer receive,

Is mighty grateful to your betters,

And makes e'en Gods themselves your debtors.

To



To give this Thesis plainer proof,
You have to-night beneath your roof
A pair of Gods: (nay, never wonder)

This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
I'm Jupiter, and He Mercurius,
My page, my son, indeed, but spurious.
Form then three wishes, you and Madam,
And, sure as you already had 'em,
The things desir'd in half an hour
Shall all be here and in your pow'r.

Thank ye great Gods, the woman says;

Oh! may your altars ever blaze!

A Ladle for our silver dish

Is what I want, is what I wish —

A Ladle, cries the man, a Ladle!

Odzooks, Corisca, you have, pray'd ill!

What I should be great you turn to farce.

I wish the Ladle in your a.

With equal grief and shame my Muse

The sequel of the Tale pursues.

The Ladle fell into the room

And stuck in old Coriscas bum.

Our couple weep two wishes past,

And kindly join to form the last,

To ease the woman's awkward pain

And get the Ladle out again.

Moral.

This commoner has worth and parts,

Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts;

His



His head aches for a coronet,

And who is blest that is not great?

Some sense, and more estate, kind Heaven

To this well-lotted peer has given.

What then? he must have rule and sway,

And all is wrong till he's in play.

The miser must make up his plum,

And dares not touch the hoarded sum;

The sickly dotard wants a wife,

To draw off his last dregs of life.

Against our peace we arm our will;

Amidst our plenty something still

For horses, houses, pictures, planting,

To thee, to me, to him, is wanting:

That cruel something unpossess,

Corrodes, and leavens all the rest:

That something, if we could obtain,

Would soon create a future pain;

And to the coffin, from the cradle,

'Tis all a wish, and all a Ladle.

N:o XX.

PROTOGENES and APELLES. A Tale.

When Poets wrote and painters drew,

As Nature pointed out the view,

Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece,

To spoil the wellproportion'd piece;

And in our verse ere Monkish rhymes

Had jangled their fantastic chimes;

Ere

Ere on the flow'ry lands of Rhodes
 Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
 Who knew not much to paint or write,
 Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight;
 Protogenes, historians note,
 Liv'd there, a burges, scot and lot:
 And, as old Pliny's writings show,
 Apelles did the same at Co.
 Agreed these points of time and place,
 Proceed we in the present case.

Picqu'd by Protogenes' fame,
 From Co to Rhodes Apelles came,
 To see a rival and a friend,
 Prepar'd to censure or commend;
 Here to absolve, and there object,
 As art with candour may direct.
 He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings;
 His servants follow with the things:
 Appears the governante of th' house,
 For such in Greece were much in use;
 If young or handsome, yea or no,
 Concerns not me or thee to know.

Does 'Squire Protogenes live here?
 Yes Sir, says she, with gracious air
 And court'ey low, but just call'd out
 By lords peculiarly devout,
 Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow
 Our Venus for the feast to-morrow,
 To grace the Church: 'tis Venus' day:
 I hope, Sir, you intend to stay
 To.



To see our Venus: 'tis the piece
The most renown'd throughout all Greece,
So like the original, they say;

But I have no great skill that way. — *have done*

But, Sir, at six (tis now past three)

at six Dromo must make my Master's tea:

At six Sir, if you please to come,

You'll find my Master, Sir, at home.

Tea, says a Critic big with laughter,
Was found some twenty ages after.

Authors, before they write, should read
'Tis very true; but we'll proceed.

And, Sir, at present would you please
To leave your name — Fair maiden, yes.

Reach me that board. No sooner spoke

But done. With one judicious stroke *stroke*

On the plain ground Apelles drew

A circle regularly true.

And will you please, Sweet-heart, said he,

To shew your Master this from me?

By it he presently will know

How painters write their names at Co.

He gave the pannel to the maid. *she gave*

Smiling and curtsying, Sir, she said, *in hand*

I shall not feel to tell my master:

And, Sir, for fear of all disaster, *of her*

I'll keep it my own self: Safe bind, *fast binder*

Says the old proverb, and safe find.

So, Sir, as sure as key or lock — *as*

Your servant, Sir — at six a clock.

Again



Again at six Apelles came,
Found the same prating civil dame.
Sir, that my Master has been here,
Will by the board itself appear: *findet*
If from the perfect line he found,
He has presum'd to swell the round
Or colours on the draught to lay,
Tis thus (he order'd me to say)
Thus write the painters of this isle;
Let those of Co remark the style.

She said, and to his hand restor'd *it is the same*
The rival pledge, the missive board. *underpanted*
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light and easy shade, *tychist*
That Paris' apple stood confest, *appendage*
Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast.

Apelles view'd the finish'd piece,
And live, said he, the arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie; *equivalency*
Howe'er our works may have express *arbiters*
Who truest drew or colour'd best,
When he beheld my flowing line,
He found, at least, I could design;
And from his artfull round, I grant
That he with perfect skill can paint.

The dullest genius cannot fail, *trovate*
To find the Moral of my Tale:
That the distingvish'd part of men,
With compass, pencil, sword or pen,

Should



Should in life's visit leave their name
In characters, which may proclaim
That they with ardour strove to raise
At once their arts and countries' praise;
And in their working took great care
That all was full, and round, and fair,

N:o XXI.

+ CORYDON and THYRSIS. A Pastoral.

COR. The midday-sun now darts his vertic ray,
And neighbouring swains to cool recesses

Let us secluded from the heat recline

Beneath the shadow of this tower'ing pine;

And, while in view our lambs disporting play,

Attune our reed, and pipe some sprightly lay.

Oft have I heard of Damon's wond'rous skill

In rural ditties and the tuneful quill;

'Twas he instructed you the piping art,

To cheer the swains, and win your Flora's

heart:

Give then a sample of his blithesome strains,

This varnish'd whistle shall reward your pains,

THYR. Small praise, I ween, is due my skill

in song,

'Twas ne'er design'd to soothe the jocund throng;

But now and then, a leisure hour to spend,

And cheer myself in absence of a friend:

Yet to my lips I'll now my reed apply,

And with my Corydon's request comply:

I'll

I'll sing you one, with sorrow deeply fraught,
The last sweet ditty peerless Damon taught.

COR. Begin—I'll with attention watch our
sheep,

And eye the goats on yonder craggy steep.

TH. Far in a wild, beneath a beechen shade,

Where silver Clyde winds down his oozy bed,

The fair Amanda, erst so blithe and gay,

At Daphne's side reclin'd, desponding lay;

Her bursting bosom heav'd with swelling sighs,

While tears unfeign'd ran streaming from her
eyes;

Herr sheep, unheeded, wander'd to and fro,

And vocal hills re-echo'd all her woe.

Young Daphne, griev'd to see the Nymph di-

stress'd,
In friendly strains her sympathy express'd:

"Lo, genial spring, in rosy garb array'd,

"Smiles on the hills, and paints th' enamell'd

mead!
"Prolific Sun now cheers the gladsome plain,

"And smells the fruit and fills the bladed grain;

"On ev'ry spray the feather'd warblers sing,

"And all the groves with rural music ring;

"Our fleecy nibblers crop the clover field;

"Clyde's minding banks a goodly prospect yield;

"The joyous May in all her pomp appears:

"Then why these sighs, Amanda? Why these
tears?"

G

"Why



"Why all this ^{long} grief? — All this ill-season'd
pain?

"Come, dear Amanda, to a friend explain."

^{typ} "Silent and sad the Daphne willfull ey'd,
And thus anon with heaving sighs reply'd:

"O lead me, Daphne, to some desert shore,

"Where to the rocks I may my fate deplore!

"The gentle spring no more affords delight,

"The dappling flowers are hateful to my sight,

"Nor Glotta's banks, (where once) devoid of
care,

"I deffly sung throughout the varied year,")

"Nor blifsfull dales, where he meand'ring flew,

"Can tears suppress, or soothe my endless woes!

"My lambs (would I were innocent as they)

"Where-e'er they list may for Amanda stray;

"Nor hills, nor dales, nor frisking flocks can
please,

"A long farewell to happiness and ease! +

"You wont, said Daphne, to be blithe and
free,

"You wont to chear us with your mirth and
glee;

"The jocund swains, charm'd with your plea-
sing song,

"With joyfull hearts around you th'd to throng,

"And on their pipes to join your chorus play.

"Wherefore this change, my dear Amanda, say?

"What lies so heavy at your throbbing heart,

"Amanda, tell? — To me your woes impart

"Cea-

“Cease. — cease, my Daphne, your unwelcome
strains! *lover*

“These gay reflections but increase my pains, *are*

“While pure untainted innocence remain’d, *quarrel*

“E’re Strephon bafe my witless heart obtain’d, *erl coll*

“Like you I sported, and was blithe like you; *glad*

“My days were chearfull, and my cares were
few? *minidaren*

“But perjur’d Strephon my affections won, *van*

“In him I trusted, was by him undone! — *forlorid*

“Ah now farewell my wonted happy days!

“Farewell my wonted innocence and ease!

“Farewell ye groves, and ev’ry smiling dell! *Tal*

“Ye wand’ring ewes, and flighted lambs, fare-
well! — *well!*

“My artless Daphne, take a friend’s advice, *rade*

“With caution listen to your wooer’s voice; *rost*

“And through love’s mazes ever wary tread, *Steg*

“Or—like Amanda—you may be betray’d. *forrai*

“The while fond Strephon deck’d with wreaths *brantgar*
my breast, *biest*

“And taper crook with fragrant garlands drest; *lalaide*

“When vows of constancy in yonder grove *brandon*

“He plighted oft, say, could I doubt his love? *harlek*

“The while he flatt’ring first reveal’d his flame, *lagu*

“I little knew (poor simple, thoughtless dame) *tanke*

“His youthfull breast a wicked heart contain’d: *immhoff*

“That by his guile my virtue would be slain’d; *shemo*

“And soon’s my artless, virgin heart he won, *want*

“He’d leave me thus — abandon’d and undone!”

With pity mov'd, young Daphne dropp'd

And curs'd the swain, so false and insincere.

"Severe, said she, is hapless woman's fate,

"If fair, men ruin us; if homely, hate,

"We're sure betray'd, if we through love pursue,

"And if we fly, the flatter and undo."

"From hence resum'd Amanda, learn with

"Whilst yet a maid, to shun each tempting

snare.

"For Strephon's sake what anguish I endure,

"And deep remorse, which baffles ev'ry cure!

"At dead of night when nature's sunk in sleep,

"With sorrow wrung, I'm left alone to weep!

"And, when the sun in eastern sky appears,

"Still I'm dejected, still bedew'd with tears! —

"For him I bear the village's taunting scorn,

"By foes insulted, and by friends forlorn.

"The cruel swain, deaf to my piteous moan,

"Has Doris wed, and left me thus undone! —

"But cease, Amanda — now 'tis vain to mourn;

"Be hush ye groves, no more my plaint return.

"Farewell ye glades, and ev'ry smiling dell!

"Ye wan'dring ewes, and slighted lambs, fare-

well!

"And thou, o Daphne, virtue still pursue,

"Be innocent, be blest! — farewell — adieu!" —

Thus having spoke, she frantic reach'd the

shore,

Plung'd headlong in, and sunk to rise no more.

Here

Here stopp'd the gentle swain—the list'ning

Mov'd with his strains, were all in tears bedew'd.

Such was our Damon's skill, and perless mead,
And such his cunning on the mellow reed.

COR. His art in piping he has left with you;

Accept your promis'd gift, 'tis justly due;

And now till thine be brought, you'll well-

My rural sweets and wholesome countryfare.

N:o XXI.

The Poet's Prayer.

HORACE. ODE XXXI. L. I.

WHEN at the consecrated shrine

The suppliant bard intreating stands,

And from his goblet pours the wine,

What does he beg at Phæbus' hands?

No plenteous harvests, that array

Sardinia's fields with bending grain;

No kindly herds, that pleasing stray

On hot Calabria's sunny plain.

No shining gold or iv'ry craves,

Or ought of Inda's costly pride;

No lands, where silent Liris laves,

With soaking flood, its fertile side.

Let those, to whom kind Fortune shares

Calenian vineyards, prune the vine;

Rich merchants change their Syrian wares,

And drain their golden cups of wine.

G 3

(The



(The merchants, heav'n's peculiar care,

Or else their vessels ne'er cou'd roam

Th' Atlantic ocean thrice a year,

And thrice return in safety home.)

Olives and mallows deck my board,

The wholesome vegetable kind:

O, let me thus alone be stor'd

With health of body, health of mind!

When old, not despicable grow;

Be able still to tune my lay;

On others, other gifts bestow,

O, Phæbus, this is all I pray!

N:o XXII.

Part of the first Elegy of Tibullus.

FOR treasur'd wealth, or stores of golden

wheat,

The hoard of frugal fires, I vainly call;

A little farm be mine, a cottage neat

And monted couch where balmy sleep may fall.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,

'And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast:

'Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,

'Secure and happy sink at last to rest!

These joys be mine! — O grant me only these,

And give to others bags of shining gold,

Whose steely heart can brave the boist'rous seas,

The storm wide-wasting, or the stiff'ning

cold.

Con-

Content with little, I would rather stay
Than spend long months amid the wat'ry
waste:

In cooling shades elude the scorching ray.

Beside some fountain's gliding waters plac'd.

O perish rather all that's rich and rare,

The diamond quarry, and the golden vein,

Than that my absence cost one precious tear,

Or give some gentle maid a moment's pain.

With glitt'ring spoils, Messala, gild thy dome,

Be thine the noble task to lead the brave:

A lovely foe me captive holds at home,

Chain'd to her scornful gate, a watchful slave.

Inglorious post! — And yet I heed not fame:

Th' applause of crouds for Delia I'd resign:

To live with thee I'd bear the coward's name,

Nor 'midst the scorn of nations once repine.

With thee to live I'd mock the plowman's toil,

Or on some lonely mountain tend my sheep;

At night I'd lay me on the flinty soil,

And happy 'midst thy dear embraces sleep.

What drooping lover heeds the Tyrian bed,

While the long night is pass'd with many a

sigh:

Nor softest down with richest carpets spread,

Nor whisp'ring rills, can close the weeping eye.

Of threefold iron were his rugged frame,

Who when he might thy yielding heart obtain,

Could yet attend the calls of empty Fame,

Or follow arms in quest of lordid gain.

G. J. H. Un-



Unenvy'd let him drive the vanquish'd host;

Through captive lands his conquering armies
lead;

Unenvy'd wear the robe with gold imboss'd,
And guide with solemn state his foaming steed.

O may I view thee with life's parting ray,
And thy dear hand with dying ardour press:

Sure thou wilt weep--and on thy lover's clay,

With breaking heart, print many a tender kiss!

Sure thou wilt weep--and woes unutter'd feel,

When on the pile thou seest thy lover laid!

For well I know, nor flint, nor ruthless steel,

Can arm the breast of such a gentle maid.

From the sad pomp, what youth, what pitying

fair,

Returning flow can tender tears refrain?

O Delia, spare thy cheeks, thy tresses spare,

Nor give my ling'ring shade a world of pain.

But now while smiling hours the fates bestow,

Let love, dear maid, our gentle hearts unite!

Soon death will come and strike the fatal blow;

Unseen his head, and veil'd in shades of night.

Soon creeping age will bow the lover's frame,

And tear the myrtle chaplet from his brow:

With hoary locks ill suits the youthful flame,

The soft persuasion, or the ardent vow.

Now the fair Queen of gay desire is ours,

And lends our follies an indulgent smile:

'Tis lavish youth's to enjoy the frolic hours,

The wanton revel and the midnight broil.

Your



Your chief, my friends, and fellow-soldier, I

Tho these light wars will lead you boldly on:

Far hence ye trumpets sound and banners fly:

To those who covet wounds and fame begone.

And bear them fame and wounds; and riches bear;

There are that fame and wounds and riches

prize.

For me, while I possess one plenteous year,

I'll wealth and meagre want alike despise.

N:o XXIII.

*Praises of a Country Life. Translated from
the second Epode of Horace.*

LIKE the first mortals blest is he

From debts and mortgages and business free;

With his own team, who plows the foil,

Which grateful once confess'd his father's toil.

The sound of war nor breaks his sleep,

Nor the rough storm that harrows up the deep;

He shuts the courtier's haughty doors,

And the loud science of the bar abjures;

Sometimes his marriageable vines

Around the lofty bridegroom elm he twines;

Or lops the vagrant boughs away,

Ingrafting better, as the old decay;

Or in the vale with joy surveys

His lowing herd safe wand'ring as they graze;

Or careful stores the flowing gold,

Press'd from the hive, or sheers his tender fold;

Goose whisper

Or



Or when, with various fruits o'erspread,
 The mellow autumn lifts his beauteous head,
 His grafted pears or grapes that vie
 With the rich purple of the Tyrian dye,
 Sometimes beneath an ancient shade,
 Or on the matted grass supinely laid,
 Where pours the mountain stream along,
 And feather'd warblers chaunt the soothing song;
 Or where the lucid fountain flows,
 And with its murmurs courts him to repose.
 But when the rain and snow appear,
 And win'try Jove loud thunders o'er the year,
 With hoards he drives into the toils
 The foaming boar, and triumphs in his spoils;
 Or for the greedy trush he lays
 His nets, and with delusive baits betrays;
 Artful he sets the springing snare,
 To catch the stranger crane or tim'rous hare.
 Thus happy who would stoop to prove
 The pains, the wrongs, the injuries of love?
 But if a chaste and virtuous wife
 Assist him in the tender cares of life,
 Of sun burnt charms, but honest fame,
 (Such as the Sabian or Apulian dame;) *rykte*
 Fatigu'd when homeward he returns,
 The sacred fire with chearful lustre burns;
 Or if she milks her swelling kine, *hor*
 Or in their folds his happy flocks confine; *injagar*
 While unbought dainties crown the feast, *brinner*
 And luscious vines from this year's vintage press:

phona viner

vinvalfang

No



No more should curious oysters please,
Or fish, the luxury of foreign seas;

(If eastern tempest; thund'ring o'er
The wintry wave, I shall drive them to our shore;)

Or wild fowl of delicious taste,
From distant climates brought to crown the feast,

shall e'er so grateful prove to me,
As olives gather'd from the unctuous tree,

And herbs that love the flow'ry field,
And chearful health with pure digestion yield;

Or fatling on the festal day,
Or kid just rescued from some beast of prey.

Amid the feasts how joys he to behold
His well-fed flocks home hasting to their fold!

Or see his labour'd oxen bow
Their languid necks, and drag th' inverted plow,

At night his numerous slaves to view
Round his domestic gods their mirth pursue!

The usurer spoke, determin'd to begin
A country life, he calls his money in;

But, ere the moon was in her wane,
The wretch had put it out to use again.

N:o XXIV.

The ninth Ode of the first Book of Horace
paraphrased.

SEE! the silver snow descends!
See! the lofty cedar bends!

The cedar, which long time had stood
The haughty Monarch of the wood,

Had



Had felt, unmov'd, the wint'ry blast;

To crystal weight submits at last.

See! the rivers, which e'en now

Their steepy banks did overflow,

And waste the fertile fields around,

In icy fetters fast are bound.

Let water-drinkers make a noise;

Cold can never freeze our joys.

Cold! be gone, here's none but souls;

Stir up the fires—fill up the bowls:

The flaming fires, and sparkling wine,

Shall 'gainst this bitter foe combine.

Thus arm'd, we sure may dare to say

Ev'ry month is warm as May:

Let's leave unto the gods the rest,

Who'll manage all things for the best:

The gods—who rule whate'er we see,

And whate'er fancy feigns to be:

Utopian kingdoms in the sun,

Utopian kingdoms in the moon.

What hast thou to do with sorrow?

Live to-day—nor heed the morrow;

E're to-morrow thou and I

May in our dreary coffins lie.

While the bloom of youth does last,

Ev'ry harmless pleasure taste;

Dance the smiling fair among,

And list to Beard's well-humour'd song;

Let not your heart indiff'rent rest,

But of all pleasures chuse the best:

To

To love your choicest moments give;

For not to love—is not to live.

When Flora decks the fragrant mead

With v'lets blue and roses red,

With your mistress, hand in hand,

Wander o'er the painted land:

There indulge in harmless chat;

Freely talk of this and that;

And sometimes steal a fragrant kiss;

The theft will heighten much the bliss:

Should the maid, dissembling ire,

Swiftly o'er the plain retire,

Swiftly follow o'er the plain;

Make all up, and kiss again.

N:o XXV.

*The 14th ODE of the second Book of
Horace imitated.*

Ah! Posthumus, my Posthumus must die:

See the swift years, how fast, how fast they
fly;

On the smooth forehead, beauty's fairest seat,

Where all the little loves and graces meet,

Wrinkles and curling sorrows wait:

Time too devours the pageantry of state;

Inexorable fate

Is deaf to beauty's charms, or brib'ries of the

Love's fragrant honours quickly fall,

Lie wither'd and neglected all:

On

On sprightly youth time preys apace,
 And ploms and furrows up the face:
 Nothing can from death reprieve,
 Nothing mortal man relieve;
 Religion's self her vot'ries will deceive:
 She can't her servant, nor adorers save,
 Nor her fair handmaid Temprance hold them
 from the grave.

Shou'dst thou to Pluto sacrifice
 Three hecatombs and more, a year,

Ev'n every-day a steer,

They'd not the greedy ravager suffice:

Who from the baleful mansions of despair

(So vain is all man's hope and fear!)

Remorseless hears our cry, and pitiless our pray'r.

There you'll the wond'rous Tityon spy,

Nine acres broad is Tityon spread,

So vast his body, vast his bed,

O'er the extended field the tortur'd quarters lie.

Death too Geryon, threefold monster, shew;

Shou'd lie the triple league renew,

Twould but man's weakness more, and more

Death's triumphs shew.

All, that from parent earth proceeds,

All, that her tasteful bounty feeds,

Rich, or poor, high, or low,

From the crook'd peasant, to the straight-

test beau,

To the one common home must come,

Where forks and scepters lie promiscuous in

the tomb. Why



Why do we moist unwholsome autumns fear?
 Why does the cruel camp from slaughter
 spare?

'Tis but prolonging of the war.

In vain we safe from dangerous seas arrive,

And long sad voyages survive,

From shipwreck only sav'd in vain,

The wreck of life, by land, to suffer o'er again.

All must Cocytus, pale Cocytus see,

And Danau's monstrous progeny,

Who stain'd the mournful nuptial bed

With ah! too rich a red:

And Sisyphus, who pushes up the hill in vain

Th' unweildy stone, that still eludes his pain,

And with vexatious, irrecoverable haste runs

tumbling down again.

Soon must you leave, ah! that sad day!

Your house, that moulders too away,

And soon those fields with verdant beauties

crown'd,

And th' ancient manor too around;

O killing thought! must leave your fonder wife,

Relinquish the sweets of love, as well as life;

Your children too, that are

The pretty little pictures of your fair.

Even thy cotemporary grove,

Now sacred to the chat of friends and love,

Will not its shady tributes long afford,

But must exchange thee for another Lord:

Of all thy social trees, we see,

Not



Not one of them will follow thee,
 Only sad cypress serves the planter faithfully.
 Then live, my Posthumus, and cheat the grave,
 'Tis nonsense, 'tis impertinence to save,
 He's said, who tiles most, the most to have.

Consume, and nothing for the plunderer
 leave,
 And so the great deceiver, Death, deceive.

Soon the next heir will lavish out the wine,
 Which now a hundred locks confine,
 And in his opener hands the rusty keys will
 shine:

He, worthier far than thee,
 Shall all his friends about him see,
 And every one thy enemy:

He'll the proud Parian pavement stain
 With generous Champagne,
 Till o'er the spacious hall shall flow
 Such luxuries, as Cardinals don't know,
 And pamper'd priests of old alone can show.

N:o XXVI.

The Hymn of Cleanthes translated.

O under various sacred names ador'd!
 Divinity supreme! and potent Lord!

Author of nature! whose unbounded sway
 And legislative pow'r all things obey!

Majestic Jove! all hail! to thee belong
 The suppliant pray'r, and tributary song:

To



To thee from all thy mortal offspring due;
From thee we came, from thee our being drew;

Whatever lives and moves, great Sire! is thine,
Embodied portions of the soul divine.

Therefore to thee I will attune my string,
And of thy wondrous pow'r for ever sing.

The wheeling orbs, the wand'ring fires above,
That round this earthly sphere incessant move,
Thro' all this boundless world admit thy sway,
And roll spontaneous where thou point'st the
way.

Such is the awe impress'd on nature round,
When through the void thy dreadful thunders
found;

Those flaming agents of thy matchless pow'r
Astonish'd worlds hear, tremble, and adore.

Thus, paramount to all, by all obey'd,
Ruling that reason which, thro' all convey'd,
Informs this gen'ral mass, thou reign'st ador'd,
Supreme, unbounded, universal Lord!

For, nor in earth, nor earth-incircling floods,
Nor yon ætherial pole, the seat of Gods,
Is aught perform'd without thy aid divine!

Strength, wisdom, virtue, mighty Jove, are
thine!

Vice is the act of man by passion tost,
And in the shoreless sea of folly lost:
But thou, what vice disorders, canst compose,
And profit by the malice of thy foes.

So blending good with evil, fair with foul;

H

As



As thence to model one harmonious whole,
 One universal law of truth and right;
 But wretched mortals shun the heavenly light;
 And, tho' to bliss directing still their choice,
 Hear not, or heed not, reason's sacred voice,
 That common guide, ordain'd to point the road
 That leads obedient man to solid good.

Thence, quitting virtue's lovely paths, they
 rove,

As various objects various passions move.
 Some, thro' opposing crouds and threat'ning
 war,

Seek pow'r's bright throne and fame's trium-
 phant car.

Some, bent on wealth, pursue, with endless pain,
 Oppressive, sordid, and dishonest gain:

While others, to soft indolence relign'd,
 Drown, in corporal sweets, th' immortal mind.

But, O! great Father! thunder-ruling God!

Who in thick darkness mak'st thy dread abode!

Thou, from whose bounty all good gifts de-
 scend,

Do thou from ignorance mankind defend!

The clouds of vice and folly, O! controul,

And shed thy beams of wisdom on the soul!

Those radiant beams, by whose all-piercing
 flame

Thy justice rules this universal frame:

That, honour'd with a portion of thy light,

We may essay thy goodness to requite,

With

With honorary songs and grateful lays,
And hymn thy glorious works with ceaseless
praise,

The proper task of man: And sure to sing
Of nature's laws, and nature's mighty King,
Is bliss supreme. Let Gods with mortals join!

The subject may transport a breast divine.

N:o XXVII.

ODE from the XVth of Exodus.

Ye Bards, to great Jehovah's praise

In notes ecstatic tune your lays:

To Israel's late descendants tell,

How Zoan's mighty legions fell.

Let Miriam, and each dame inspir'd,

Proceed in mystic dance,

And, with alternate contest fir'd,

The raptur'd song advance.

The triumphs of our God proclaim;

The God of armies is his name,

Who stopp'd aspiring Pharaoh's rapid course,

And in the Red-sea whelm'd the warrior horse.

An altar pure my hand shall rear

To Abraham's God, to Isaac's fear,

Who on our wand'ring fires his blessing shed,

And thro' the vale of death to glory led.

He is my Saviour, and my song,

Whose right hand hurl'd destruction dire

Th' Egyptian multitudes among,

As preys on yellow fields the fire.



A fiery pillar shot its ray
Benignant on the Hebrews' way;
But smote with forky lightning Pharaoh's wheel:
Behold it from the broken axis reel!

Now with his mighty wind

The God of Nature blows,

And o'er that stubborn kind *enwira*

Th' impetuous ocean flows:

Into the waves th' Egyptians *fled, flydde*

lychigan While happier Israel in long order tread

forma The dry stupendous path, disclos'd between

The walls transparent and the mountains green.

N:o XXVIII.

PSALM *the CIV. paraphrased.*

EXERT thy reas'ning pow'rs, my vital frame,

And grateful praise the great Jehovah's name;

Hail! thou who art all-pow'rful in thy might,

Array'd in glory and majestic light! *tyes*

As a wide tent, extended over head, *superficial*

Thy forming hands the vast expanse outspread;

Whose binding force the fluid orb restrain'd, *solid*

And reach'd those atoms the loose Mass contain'd: *inchoate*

Whence the firm strata, which the globe com-*at* *gor.*

Each over each, like mounting stories, rose: *pose*

Onward it mov'd, impell'd by grains of air; *upstige*

The wings of winds the floating orb upbear;

His servants fire, his angels *spirits* were. *order*

On th' air, as bases, he machin'd the sphere,

pa *gradual* H 3 *in rotade* And



And firmly bid the solid parts cohere.

As yet the shell beneath the waters lay,

And future mountains had not seen the day.

At thy command th' affrighted waters fled,

And fought, tumultuous, their approaching bed;

O'er hills they roll'd, and, following the descent,

Deep channels tore, and gaping vallies rent:

There, lodg'd in th' earth's capacious womb,

they rest,

By the strong Heav'n's expansive force compress'd,

These bound'ries still the raging waves confine,

Bound'ries unmov'd by any pow'r but thine!

Hence rais'd in steam, they fiercely work their

way,

In lowly vales, thro' openings, meet the day,

Or trickling 'twixt the winding mountains stray.

Here haunt the beasts, and find a cool retreat,

And parch'd wild asses quench their thirsty heat:

On neigh'ring trees, amidst the leafy sprays,

Birds build their nests, and chant their chear-

ful lays:

The oozing springs bedew the mossy hills,

Thence gliding cut the fertile plains with rills:

Hence, new in strength, the saturated soil

With verdant grass supports the cattles toil:

With various herbs for human use is crown'd,

Or yellow harvests load the foodful ground:

Hence rise th' effects of industry and art,

Hence bread is form'd, the strength'ner of the

heart:

From



From swelling grapes the foaming wine is
press'd,
Diffusing gladness o'er the pensive breast:
Oil, with youth's bloom, renews each fading
grace,

And sheds fresh glories o'er the beauteous face.
Trees, sacred emblems, and once Eden's pride,
From the same storehouse are with sap supply'd:
Cedars, which Lebanon's high summits grace,
Set there by God, coeval with the place:

Lodg'd in whose branches, fowls securely rest;
And towering firs, which yield the stork a nest.
On highest hills the Thy chamois are found,
And delving conies bore the rocky ground.
The moon's fair light (her orb by stated force
Impell'd) determines periods by its course:

The sun's, more glorious, runs its known career,
And gilds, by turns, each shifting hemisphere.
The light goes off, and night succeeds the day,
The beasts come forth, and prowl in search
of prey:

With hunger pinch'd the whelps of lions roar,
And from their Maker's hand their meat im-
plore.

Again the light irradiates once the sphere,
And beasts retire to dens and disappear:
Men, issuing forth, their daily toils attend,
Till ev'ning twilight bids their labours end.
O great Jehovah! dreadful, glorious name!
What wonders fill this universal frame!



In all thy sov'reign wisdom shines express'd;
But thou, profusely kind, this globe hast bless'd!

How vast the sea, magnificently spread!
Of creatures numberless the spacious bed!

O'er the wide surface ships pursue their way,
And huge sea-monsters toss the deep in play.
All wait on thee!—And thou, supremely good,
In proper season, giv'st to all their food:

Thou giv'st; they take; thine hand thou o-
pen'st wide,

Whence all that live with plenty are supply'd.

When once from earth thy presence disap-
pear'd,

Man's impious race approaching vengeance
fear'd:

The world's great course was chang'd, no-
more supply'd

With vital spirit, all expir'd and dy'd:

Ev'n Nature's adamant chain was loos'd,

And things to their primeval state reduc'd.

Soon as thou bad'st the spirit work again,

And, as at first, the fluid orb restrain,

New forms appear'd, resemblant of the old,

And earth was cloath'd with vegetable mould.

But he whose emblem glory is, whose name
Jehovah, Lord! for ever is the same!

Whene'er his works propitious he surveys,

Nature proceed successful in her ways:

But when, in wrath, his flaming bolts are hurl'd,

The mountains smoke, and tremblings shake

the world. So



So long as life supports this breathing frame,
I'll sing my Saviour, great Jehovah's name!

When thoughts of him my ravish'd soul em-
ploy,

I feel a foretaste of immortal joys:

While short on earth are the delights that flow

From sin, and follow'd by eternal woe;

My vital frame the great Jehovah blest,

Adore his goodness, and his pow'r confess!

N:o XXIX.

PSALM CXXXIX.

GREAT God! thou guardian of each hour,

Thou guide of all my ways;

My morning steps confess thy pow'r,

And night proclaims thy praise.

The secret purpose of my soul

Is to thy wisdom known;

Thine eye directs my walk by day,

And sees my lying down.

On ev'ry side I find thy hand,

Where-e'er I turn my view;

And, ere my lips could speak my heart,

Thou, Lord, my meaning knew.

Vainly to trace such wond'rous pow'r

My grov'ling reason tries;

Fruitless attempt! my strictest search

Th' amazing subject flies.

Should hell inspire the blacken'd thought,

H 5

From



From thee, my God, to hide, *do'ia*
 Where should a helpless mortal go,
 In secret to abide? *for bel'pve*
 If I to heav'n direct my course,
fulhom There thy full glories shine;
again And hell's dark prison feels thy arm, *kammer*
 And owns the wrath divine. *vrede*
 If with the morning's early light
 I seek the western sea;
 There shall thine hand detect my flight,
 And disappoint my stay. *gromitet* *troj's mal*
 If, favour'd with the ev'ning shades, *aftrons*
zoker I court the rayless night; *morka*
 The gloom, dispers'd at thy command, *dytcher*
 Shall give me to thy sight. *ifun*
 Darkness and light (to thee the same)
plan *for* Fulfil thy great design; *fulfola*
 And suns and shades, before their God,
 With equal brightness shine. *for lar bet*
 Before that God, whose piercing eye *genom*
afpoda This curious frame survey'd, *betrop* *drangon*
afpoda And in my embryo-state his skill *for* *de*
 In ev'ry part display'd. *afpoda*
 Thy boundless thought contriv'd the scheme, *plan*
 And each proportion plann'd; *huarpe* *plane*
secret Before the clay, my future frame, *vrede*
dan Was fashion'd by thy hand.
 How shall my tongue describe my soul,
 Or paint the love I bear? *nyver*
 Or count the num'rous thanks I owe
 For thy surrounding care? *vand* Less

Less num'rous are the countless sands *ovakreliga*
 That swell the lengthen'd shore; *strandén*
 And in the morning, when I wake, *sukran*
 I find the number more.
Search me, O God! with strictest view *nogaste juu*
 Explore each secret part; *ut forgha*
 Know the recesses of my soul, *gommor*
 And frailties of my heart.
 If error clouds my darken'd mind, *minne*
Remove the disfmal gloom; *undän röjser*
 Conduct me with a father's hand,
 And bring thy servant home. *hem*

N:o XXX.

An ODE on Exodus III. 14.

I.

Man! foolish man!

Scarce know'st thou, how thy self began; *bristare*
 Scarce hast thou thought enough to prove thou *bevis*
 Yet, steel'd with study'd boldness, thou dar'st *try*
 To send thy doubting Reason's dazzled eye *try för saka*
 Through the mysterious gulf of vast immensity: *för lände*
 Much thou canst there discern, much thence *omtänksamt*
 Vain wretch! suppress thy knowing pride; *noting*
 Mortify thy learned lust:
 Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyself art *noting*
 dust. *noting*

Let



2.

Let Wit her fails, her oars let Wisdom lend;
 The helm let Politic Experience guide,
 Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd bark shall ride
 Down spreading Fate's unnavigable tide.
 What tho' still it farther tend,
 Still 'tis farther from its end,
 And in the bosom of that boundless sea,
 Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

3.

With daring pride and insolent delight
 Your doubts resolv'd you boast, your labours
 crown'd,
 And, E' *εὐχρη*! your God, forsooth is found
 Incomprehensible and infinite:
 But is he therefore found? Vain searcher! no:
 Let your imperfect definition show
 That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

4.

Say, why should the collected main
 Itself within itself contain?
 Why to its caverns should it sometimes creep,
 And with delighted silence sleep
 On the lov'd bosom of its parent deep?
 Why should its num'rous wathers stay,
 In comely discipline and close array,
 Till winds and tides exert their high command?
 Then prompt and ready to obey,
 Why do the rising surges spread
 Their op'ning ranks o'er earth's submissive head,
 Marching thro' different paths to different lands?



5.

Why does the constant Sun
With measur'd steps his radiant journies run?
Why does he order the diurnal hours
To leave earth's other parts and rise in ours?
Why does he wake the correspondent moon,
And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
Commanding her, with delegated pow'rs,
To beautify the world and bless the night?
Why does each animated star
Love the just limits of its proper sphere?
Why does each consenting sign,
With prudent harmony, combine
In turns to move, and subsequent appear,
To gird the globe and regulate the year?

6.

Man does with dang'rous curiosity
These unfathom'd wonders try:
With fancy'd rules, and arbitrary laws,
Matter and motion he restrains,
And study'd lines and fictitious circles draws;
Then, with imagin'd sovereignty
Lord of his new hypothesis he reigns.
He reigns! How long? till some usurper rise!
And he, too, mighty thoughtfull, mighty wise,
Studies new lines and other circles feigns.
From this last toil again what knowledge flows?
Just as much, perhaps, as shows
That all his predecessor's rules
Were empty cant, all jargon of the schools;
That



That he on th' others ruin rears his throne,
And shows his friend's mistake, and thence
confirms his own.

7.

vihar
histe
On earth, in air, amidst the seas and skies,
Mountainous heaps of wonders rise,
Whose tow'ring strength will ne'er submit
To Reason's batteries, or the mines of Wit:
Yet still inquiring, still mistaking man,
Each hour repuls'd, each hour dares onward
press,

Mayne
And, levelling at God his wand'ring guess,
(That feeble engine of his reasoning war,
Which guides his doubts and combats his despair)
Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give;
Can bound that nature, and prescribe that will,
Whose pregnant Word did either ocean fill;
Can tell us, whence all beings are, and how
the move and live.

Thro' either ocean, foolish man!
That pregnant Word sent forth again,
Might to a world extend each atom there;
For every drop call forth a sea, a heav'n for
every star.

8.

hump
Let cunning earth her fruitfull wonders hide,
And only lift thy staggering reason up
To trembling Calvary's astonish'd top;
Then mock thy knowledge, and confound
thy pride,

Ex-



Explaining, how Perfection suffer'd pain,
Almighty languish'd, and Eternal dy'd;
How by her patient Victor Death was slain,
And earth profan'd, yet bless'd with Deicide.
Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down;
Only reserve the Sacred one:
Low, reverently low,
Make thy stubborn knowledge bow,
Weep out thy reason's and thy body's eyes;
Deject thyself that thou may'st rise;
To look to heav'n, be blind to all below.

9.

Then Faith, for Reason's glimm'ring light,
shall give

Her immortal perspective,
And Grace's presence Nature's loss retrieve:
Then thy enliven'd soul shall see,
That all the volumes of philosophy,
With all their comments, never could invent
So politic an instrument
To reach the heav'n of heav'ns, the high abode,
Where Moses places his mysterious God,
As was that ladder, which old Jacob rear'd,
When light divine had human darkness clear'd,
And his enlarg'd ideas found the road
Which Faith had dictated and Angels trod.

N:o XXXI.

On HOPE.

SOFT smiling hope! thou anchor of the mind!
The only resting-place the wretched find!

HOMER



How dost thou all our anxious cares beguile,
And make the orphan and the friendless smile!
All fly to thee, thou gentle dawn of peace!
The coward's fortitude, the brave's success,
The lover's ease, the captive's liberty,
The only flatt'ring of the poor and me.
With thee, on pleasure's wings, thro' life we're
born;

Without thee, wretched, friendless, and forlorn.
Possess'd of thee, the weary pilgrim strays
Thro' barren deserts and untrodden ways:
Thirsty and faint, his nerves new vigour strings,
And full of thee he quaffs immortal springs.
The martyr'd saint, whom anguish and the rod
Have prov'd, thro' thee walks worthy of his
God.

In vain are axes, flames, and tort'ring wheels;
He feels no torment, who no terror feels:
Thro' thee his well try'd spirit upward springs,
And spurns at titles, sceptres, thrones, and Kings.
O full of thee! in quiet may I live,
The few remaining moments Heav'n shall
give!

Come then, thou honest flatt'rer, to my breast!
Friend of my health, and author of my rest!
Thro' thee, the future cloudfest all appears
A short but smiling train of happy years.
Pass but this instant, storms and tempests cease,
And all beyond's the promis'd land of peace.

